



Casket Works

Issue

5

Summer
2000

FREE

REAPER MINIATURES PRESENTS

CASKET WORKS

NEW SCENARIO FOR DHA!

"THE PALANTIR OF BLOOD"

REAPER MOVIE REVIEW

"GLADIATOR"

NEW MINIATURES



SNEAK PEEK AT

CAV

COMBAT ASSAULT VEHICLE

**PLUS: WHAT HAPPENED
TO BABEWATCH ?**

DHA ^{at Wind Bay} BOXED SETS

Product Number 10002 \$ 12.95

THE RISING

BY SANDRA GARRITY, BOB RIDOLFI, ED PUGH
(Comes Blistered)

Ivan Von
Helstein
raising zombies
from a
graveyard



DRAGONS DON'T SHARE

Listen well my weary traveling friend,
to a tale adventurous, sad and bold;
of Digger McGee's tragic End,
and the theft of Nathavarr's ancient gold.

He was a weaver of stories such as I,
a finder of treasure from dungeons deep.
Digger found the drake's lair on mountain high,
and chanced upon the dread wyrm in its sleep.



Digger was a dwarf stealthy, swift and strong,
dreaming himself rich from robbing the drake,
quick he ran from where he did not belong,
he laughed under breath and caused it to wake.

No twinkle of eye where mirth once did live,
ashes now, what was bone and hair,
no greater admonition did he give,
the final lesson is: Dragons Don't Share!

LIMITED TO 2,500 UNITS

The ill-fated attempt by
the noted dwarven thief
comes to life in this
vignette sculpted by Bob
Olley.

Product Number
10003
\$ 49.95



Made from the magical bones of a Dragon,
this catapult is very deadly on the battlefield.
Sculpted by Jim Bainbridge and Ed Pugh this
piece is a must for any undead army.

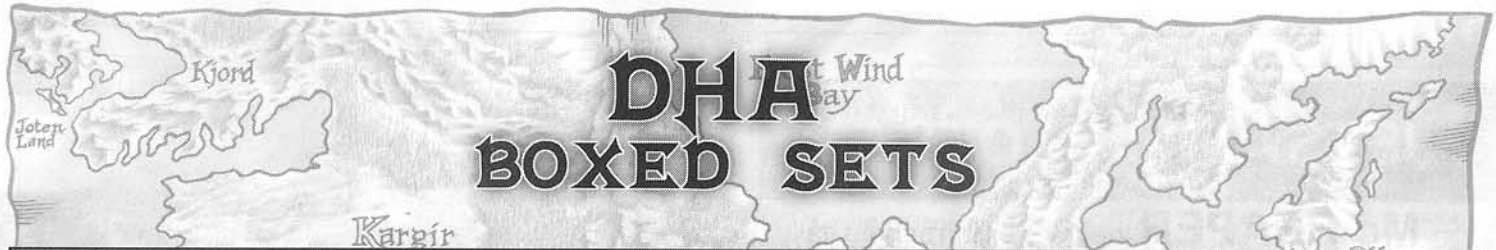
Product Number 10004

0 100 200
\$ 19.95

Scale In Miles



Dragon Bone Catapult



DHA BOXED SETS

THE COURT OF ABYST

Sculpted by
Jim Johnson

Product Number
10005

\$ 29.95



Kazael

Vareesh

Abyst

Tolgh

Lirris

GAUTH

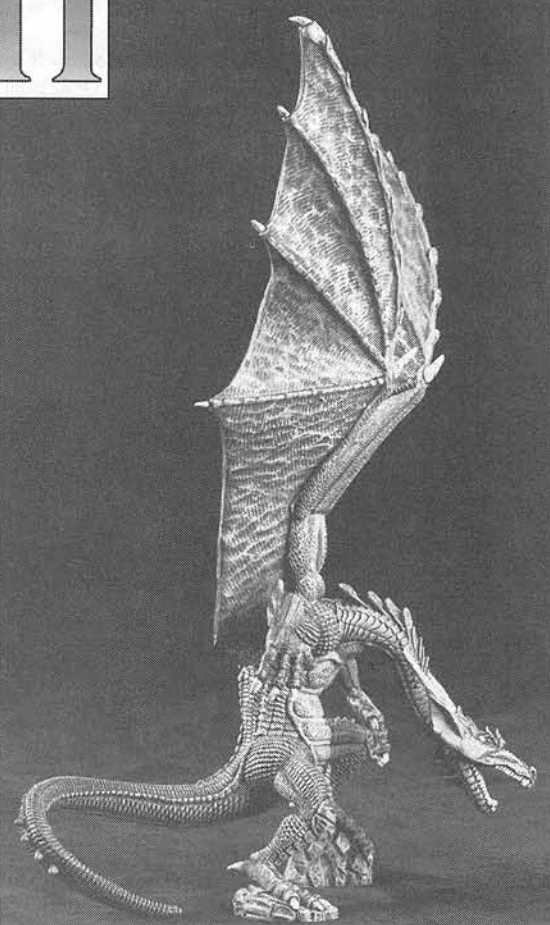
Our definition of
what a Dragon
should be.....
"Bad to the Bone"

Approximately
12" Tall with a
wingspan of 16"

Sculpted by
Jim Johnson

Product Number
10006

\$ 75.00



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Casket Works Issue #5

We haven't figured out yet what's going to be on the menu yet...if you have a suggestion feel free to email Ron.

Howdy disco citizens, and welcome to another exciting issue of Casket Works!

We've all been really busy around here at the Reaper studios. "Busy?" you ask. "How could you guys be busy? All you Reaper fellas ever do is sit around and play games and paint miniatures and have wiener dog races and..."

Let me be the first to tell you that working at a miniatures/game company isn't easy. Matter of fact, it's excruciatingly painful. Read on only if you aren't squeamish, and I'll give you some examples of my own personal hell.

I have to be at the Reaper studio at the crack of dawn to feed the chickens, milk the cow and bale hay. Either that or I sleep in til about 9:30 a.m. and then show up to work. Usually the latter. We hired a duck named Teebor to take care of that other stuff.

When I finally show up, I have a bowl of oatmeal and some orange juice. Then I read the morning paper. Funnies first, of course. (And there's The Family Circus just sitting there in the bottom corner, just waiting to suck...) Sometimes, the ink from the paper gets on my hands and they turn black, black as night!! You see! I told you it was horrible!! But wait, it gets worse, my friends.

Next I slowly meander from department to department with my clipboard and crossword puzzles. If any of the other Reapers ask me what I'm doing, I just mutter something about "psychological profiles" and walk off. And I refuse to ask them for answers for my crosswords when I get stuck on a four letter word for penguin flippers. (Starts with a "k". Email me if you know.)

Around 1:00 or so, lunch rolls around. All those crossword puzzles have worn me out by now, so I must eat again. Price prepares the Reaper smorgasbord and lunch is served. Sometimes, we're out of cheese, and I must have my turkey sandwich— *sans fromage*.

After lunch, I take my nap at my desk. If you've ever seen my desk then you know what sacrifices I make to sleep there. Hint: while sleeping at work, wear sunglasses so that co-workers think you are awake. Works every time...

I don't think I can continue. The thought of work vexes me even now as I write. I grow weary, so I must rest now, for tomorrow I must return to the grind of the Reaper machine. Oh the humanity!!

Ron

Reaper Catalogue pg. 13-44

New Releases pg. 5

TRaukzul, our
new Dragon! pg. 52

DHA Update:
Court of Abyst pg. 50

Dead News pg. 6

CA.V Update,
FINALLY! pg. 45

New Scenario:
Palantir of Blood pg. 8

Kargir Hunt:
Part III pg. 46

on the cover - Two of the best
knights fighting to the death in
"The Tournament Duel" by Talin.



Kitchen Heads

Ron "Mc Daddy" Hawkins	Chef
Mike "grecian formula fry" Athey	Chef d'oeuvre
Dave "where's the beef" Pugh	Sky Chef

ART and Condiments

James Burrell	Art (ketchup)
Tim Collier	Art (mustard)
Will Early	Art (mayonnaise)
James Holloway	Art (pickles)
James Neal	Art (relish)
Ken Waller	Photography (horseradish)

Day Shift

Jeremy Allen	Crew chief
Ron Hawkins	Grease pit cleaner
Sandra Hinds	Dessert girl
Desiree Hoover	Matrie d'
Gary Hoover	Bouncer
Price Matthews	Bus boy
Al Pare	Piano Man
Ed Pugh	Waiter
Miriam Pugh	Hostess
David Pugh	CFO
Dawn Radford	Coat check girl
Kay Strickland	Local entertainment
Jon Walker	Bartender (and drunk)

DHA Staff Writer, and Restaurant Supplies

Robert Allen	warmastr@aol.com
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SCULPTORS and Food Critics

Jim Bainbridge	Bobby Jackson	Rene Perez
Bob Charette	Jim Johnson	Ed Pugh
Kevin Contos	Mark Kay	Bob Riddolfi
Sandra Garity	Werner Klocke	Steve Saunders
Julie Guthrie	Bob Olley	Ben Siens

Kitchen Times

vox	972.434.3088	9am - 6pm CST, Mon-Fri, or
fax	972.221.2481	any time you can get through
email	reapermini@aol.com	
web	http://www.reapermini.com	

Reaper Miniatures is here for people who love gaming. Our in-house magazine, Casket Works, is aimed at people with a love of miniatures, and a passion for gaming, with or without miniatures. Our goal is to stroke our egos and at the same time be innovative in the gaming industry. We love to have fun, create new things, push ourselves, make awesome figures, and embarrass the other companies with what we can do. Oh, and Ron makes a mean Black Sheep stew. Email him for the recipe if you dare.

We hope we accomplish what we set out to do, and if along the way we're lucky, maybe we'll even get you to crack a smile.

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- All models are sold and supplied unpainted and unassembled -
- This requires some glue and paint on your part -

This magazine, catalogue, and humor was brought to you by many nights of general lethargy, Thief 2, tea from Chick-fil-a, the new Cure CD, and a general lack of gumption. Realize that comments made in this pulp are for everyone's general amusement. If you get the joke, great, if you don't, tuft, we can't help it if you have the humor of a stick. Don't take this stuff too seriously, and don't forget to butter the bread before grilling. We'd like to thank our customers, fans, families, pets, the nectar of the gods - Grape Kool-Aid, and our competitors. Let's face it, if you guys weren't doing your job like you are, we wouldn't look so good. Thanks, and read responsibly!

In Stores Now!

2387 Caveman Dragging Cavegirl	Bobby Jackson	3.95
2388 Jalahandran Desert Warrior	Bobby Jackson	2.50
2389 Zombie Champion	Ben Siens	2.50
2390 Templar Knight Standard Bearer	Bobby Jackson	2.95
2391 Kimberlee the Fair, Sorceress	Sandy Garrity	2.50
2392 Lizardman Shaman	Ben Siens	2.75
6046 Lizardman Archers (4)	Ben Siens	7.50
6047 Lizardman Command (3)	Ben Siens	7.50
6048 Lizardmen w/ Two-Handed Clubs (4)	Ben Siens	7.50



Quimby Copperthumb



2397

Coming Soon



2391 Kimberlee the Fair

Boris Mingla
Evil Warlord of Taltos

2386



2392 Lizardman Shaman

Shipping in July

- 10009 T'Raukzul the Terrible
- 2393 Shaedra, Heroine of Vestonia
- 2394 Thorval of the Black Gauntlet
- 2395 Cavemen (4)
- 2396 Jalahandran Desert Warrior #2
- 2397 Quimby Copperthumb, Dwarf Thief
- 2398 Denefin, High Inquisitor
- 2399 Familiar Pack #2
- 2400 Neanderthal Champion
- 6049 Lizardman Tyrants (3)
- 6050 Lizardman Warriors (4)

- Sandy Garrity
- Sandy Garrity
- Werner Klocke
- Bobby Jackson
- Bobby Jackson
- Bob Olley
- Sandy Garrity
- various
- Bobby Jackson
- Ben Siens
- Ben Siens

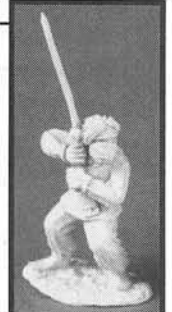


Caveman
Dragging Cavegirl
2387



2385 Dwarven Bear Cavalry
Commander

Jalahandran Desert Warrior



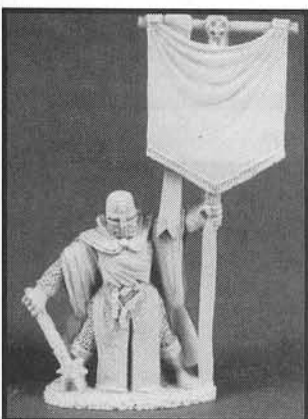
2388



Coming Soon

2398

Denefin, High Inquisitor



2390 Templar Knight
Standard Bearer



2389
Zombie Champion

Shipping in August

- 10008 Dwarven War Cannon
- 2401 Thomas Bronwyn, Priest
- 2402 Samurai of Okura
- 2403 Sister Candice, Battle Nun
- 2404 Lizardman Tyrant Sergeant
- 2405 D'Mona, Female Vampire
- 2406 Shadow Assassin of Jalahandra
- 2407 Ilkhan of Malvern
- 2408 Lizardman Tyrant Leader
- 6051 Anhurian Command (4)
- 6052 Skeletons w/ Two-Handed Swords (5)
- 6053 Skeletons w/ Swords and Shields (5)

- Bob Olley
- Bobby Jackson
- Werner Klocke
- Werner Klocke
- Ben Siens
- Jim Johnson
- Bobby Jackson
- Sandy Garrity
- Ben Siens
- Jim Johnson
- Ed Pugh
- Ed Pugh



Department of Mistakes (or "D'oh!")
Whoops! We forgot to credit the painters from Casket Works #4! The wonderful paint jobs on the lizardmen were done by Damon Dorsey and the incredible dwarves were by Alex Glocka. Oh, yes, and Dragons Don't Share and Abyst were painted by the talented Mike Bisignani. Kudos to all three of these guys. We couldn't do it without your help!

Convention Season Arrives!

We're on the road again! Coming up we'll be at the Origins Game Convention (booth # 725) in Columbus, OH July 13-16 and Gen Con Game Fair (booth #236) in Milwaukee, WI August 10-13. We will be running demos of CAV, DHA and a preview of Dark Heaven Legends at both of these shows.

Hope to see you there!



Reaper Pro Paints are Here!

By the time you read this, the new Reaper Pro Paints should be in your local game store. We're starting with 42 colors, plus six inks and six metallics. Naturally, they're non-toxic and clean up easily with a little water. (But nevertheless, don't drink the stuff. -Editor) Best part is they're only two bucks a bottle! What a steal! See the catalog section for a complete list.

Congrats to the Grads!

All of us here at the Reaper Studios would like to bestow our best wishes on two of our recent graduates! Jeremy Allen, our packaging king, was graduated from Lewisville High School this past month and Jeff (once a Reaper, always a Reaper) Harrison made it through US Navy boot camp... at the head of his class! Way to go guys! Also: congratulations to Sarah Allen on her recent engagement. Oh, how sweet!

Congrats part duex:

To Jon and Sue Ellen Walker on the expected arrival of their first child later this year. Congrats, mom and dad.

How to be a Miniatures Mogul

So, ya wanna run a miniatures company, huh? Well it ain't that easy, chief! But, we can give you a good head start based on head honcho Ed Pugh. Pay attention...

Step One: Sit at desk, lean back in extra-padded office chair.

Step Two: Make random phone calls (to other miniatures moguls, preferably).

Step Three: Run fingers through hair constantly; drink lots, I mean LOTS, of Diet Coke.

Step Four: Liberally sprinkle dialogue with witty colloquialisms such as "blood bath", "running like crap through a goose" and "Nazi math".

Step Five: Filibuster to death anyone opposed to anti-mogul rhetoric. Guerilla filibusters work best.

See? You too can own your own miniatures company.

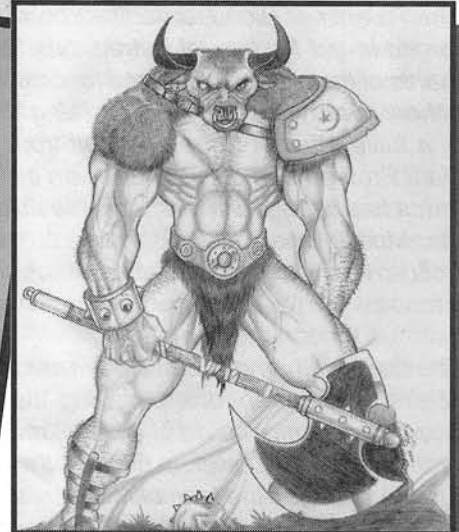
Send \$19.95 for your Miniatures Mogul starter kit today!

OUR FAVORITE WEBSITES

This is a new section that will show off a new website each issue. Sometimes they're miniatures related, some time they're not. This issue we'd like to point everyone's mouse to www.miniature-painting.net. Designed by German painter/modeler Dominic Heutelbeck, this website contains a bunch beautifully painted Reaper models as well as tons of other miniatures. More importantly, this site is also home to Visions in Color (VIC) showcase where painters from around the world can show off their painting prowess on the same models. Check it out!



RPG Monsters
Any adventurer knows that any dungeon worth its salt is packed with tough foes. That's why we've come up with some new scary critters (like Bakarathi) for the Dark Heaven Legends role playing game. That's not to say that the classic monsters won't be there though. All your old favorite dungeon nasties will be available for your party to smash into pulp. But, don't go around thinking that you can push big monsters (like dragons) around. These ain't your father's dragons! Look for Dark Heaven Legends this fall!



Upcoming Boxed Sets

This summer will see a flurry of activity for the Reaper Boxed Set line. Very soon you should see the Dwarven Thunder Cannon (#10008) and the huge dragon T'Raukzul (#10009). After these you should see the Angels set and the Pirates of the Dragonspine Sea. Here's a sneak peek!





the Palantir of Blood

by Steve Keith

illustrated by Talin

The Palantir of Blood, an artifact born of corruption and forged in the furnace of hatred, has haunted the nightmares of the magically attuned for centuries. Legends tell of how it was created by the mad king Xivion of Malvern in a futile attempt to free himself from the grasp of the Dark Brotherhood of Khardullis, an evil cult that for centuries has engaged in unspeakable rites and bloody rituals. Most learned beings only speak of the Dark Brotherhood in hushed whispers, while others simply deny its existence.

The Dark Brotherhood had always meddled in Malvernian affairs from the shadows, playing the subtle politics of court and country, using blackmail, murder and magic in order to gain real power. In 660 NA, the Dark Brotherhood forever changed the face of Malvernian politics. The tool they chose to exploit was Xivion, the youngest of two brothers and three sisters of the royal house of Malvern. Frail of body and given to various immoral pursuits, Prince Xivion was found to be a prime target for corruption. Daxon, then king of Malvern, ignored his son's wretched existence, thinking him unworthy of the royal bloodline. King Daxon's disgust for his son was thinly veiled, and he even publicly stated that Xivion was a disgrace to the royal family. The insult was too much for young Xivion, and left him open to any support offered. That support soon presented itself in the form of an invitation to a minor nobleman's house (whose name is lost to history) and his introduction to the cult of the Dark Brotherhood of Khardullis.

On the night of this meeting, promises of power, vengeance and lust were made. Xivion soon was fully under the sway of his own greed and desperation, and agreed to join in unholy alliance with the Brotherhood. It was shortly after this that Xivion betrayed and murdered his father and mother in their sleep, as well as all of his siblings. With his ascension to the throne, Malvern came to know the nightmare the Dark Brotherhood of Khardullis.

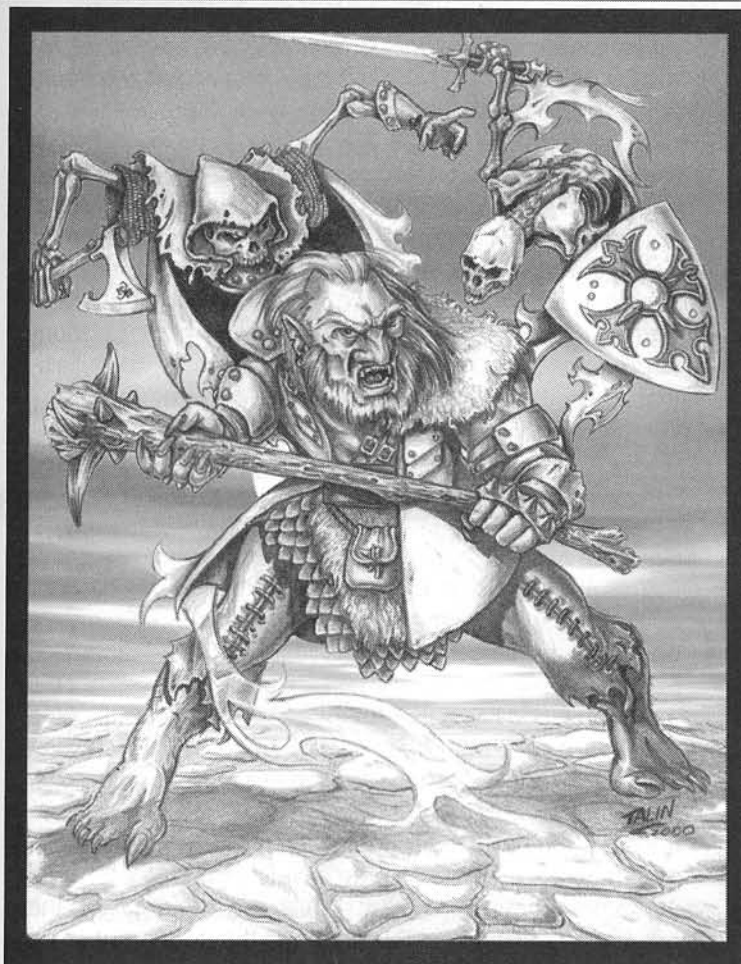
Xivion's first official act was to legitimize the Dark Brotherhood as the state religion of the kingdom. As time passed, it became clear to Xivion that his position was that of a figurehead and soon the Dark Brotherhood would need him no more. He secretly searched for a method by which he might cement his power, and from a source unknown discovered a series of spells by which he could construct an artifact of awesome might — the Palantir of Blood.

As he gathered his knowledge on its making, he found both distraction and delay in the form of Marcus, his cousin and loyalist to the late king. Marcus vowed to take the crown for himself and rid the land of the foul stench of Xivion and the Dark Brotherhood. Civil war soon erupted. Marcus found support on many fronts, including the gray elves in Tivalla. Xivion and the Dark Brotherhood were not yet defeated however. The Dark Brotherhood summoned sorcerous aid, and Xivion gathered the hobgoblins and giants to his side with promises of gold and blood. Soon it was apparent that the war was his — Marcus was defeated and held prisoner, the elves to the north were cowed and the kingdom was once again stable. However, Xivion was still faced with his dilemma with the Dark Brotherhood.

He returned his attention to the artifact that promised him so much power.

Xivion spent the next few months poring over texts both ancient and horrible, gained through means unknown, but it is rumored that many liens were held against his soul. In the fall of 664 NA he finally completed the main structure of his creation—a crystal sphere of two cubits in diameter, its sides semitransparent to light.

It was now time to fill and activate the Palantir, which would become a scrying tool of great power. To fill it he required the living heart of a noble hero, as well as the souls and



distilled blood of one thousand victims of ritual torture and sacrifice. For the heart he chose that of his cousin Marcus, who still languished in the dungeons of Stormspire Keep; for the blood he chose to use the last of the gray elves of Tivalla, who had been imprisoned and tortured since their defeat.

He traveled north, feigning an inspection of Tivalla, which he renamed to Varagon after a priestess of Khardullis with whom he had a dalliance with. Xivion took with him an entourage of those he came closest to trusting. Before setting out, Xivion had delivered to his location one thousand gray elven prisoners as well as his cousin Marcus, bound and drugged, for use in the horrible Ritual of Activation.

Xivion's destination in the hills of Varagon was a dark shrine deep beneath the earth, dedicated to a mysterious, unholy power. Xivion set about assembling his creation. Over the next seven days he slew the gray elven prisoners and drained from each a cup of blood, which was then deposited into the crystal sphere amid the casting of many spells. When the Palantir was full with blood, Marcus was ritually slaughtered, his heart torn from his body and deposited into the crystal Palantir before it was sealed. His preparations almost done, only one step remained: the casting of the great Spell of Making. The spell was de-

manding however, and could not be cast without certain stars being in the right place in the night sky. His astrologer predicted the next such alignment in Solwane of 667 NA. Xivion was infuriated at his oversight, but decided not to risk fate. Xivion chose to hide the Palantir until such time as the heavens cooperated with his plans. Rather than take his prize back to his citadel in Alaghax, he chose to hide it in an abandoned Sanctuary of Anarion in present day Kaladis.

The Sanctuary had been a refuge for the gray elves during the war, and this desecration would be his last insult to the dead followers of the good Anarion. Xivion approached the Sanctuary with twenty of his mightiest warriors and hid the Palantir. He then ordered his men to share wine with him to mark the occasion. He gave each man a draught of wine that he had prepared earlier. In drinking it they sealed their doom. Each soldier succumbed swiftly as the wine, tainted with cruel poison, made good its promise of death. After the men died, Xivion bound their souls to the defense of the Sanctuary, forever establishing a terrible guard of undead beings. Xivion returned to Alaghax to await the time when the stars would be right and he could complete the activation of the Palantir, giving him the most terrible power in all Adon.

It has been said that the best laid plans of mice and kings will go awry, and in Lunis 667 NA, so did Xivion's. The Dark Brotherhood chose this time the coming of the Grand Inquisitor, and marked the occasion with the assassination of the King Xivion, just one pitiful month before he was to complete the Ritual of Activation. Did the Brotherhood choose this time by coincidence, or was it by design? Perhaps the dark god Khardullis sent dreams to his followers them out of fear, or as a warning. Of the Palantir nothing more has been heard.

Undead Briefing

Xivion looked about the bleak ruins, lost in the wilderness of southern Kaladis, far from any road of great use and surrounded by rough and difficult terrain. He had discovered this spot accidentally, during the questioning of a prisoner taken during the war with his cousin Marcus. Xivion often enjoyed watching his torturers practice their fine art, and this time it paid off when the prisoner mentioned this abandoned and ancient abbey, a former Sanctuary of Anarion. Upon discovery of the site, he found it to be a meeting place of great importance to the elves of the region, used in their support of the traitor Marcus. This information was used to great effect during the war, and many elves were captured and killed here. Somehow this seemed to lend an appropriate air for the task at hand.

"Perfect," the mad king thought aloud. "This place exists as if made to my specifications." Xivion had labored long on the dread artifact, the Palantir of Blood, filled with the blood of his chosen enemies. Unfortunately, he had not been able to complete the ritual that would activate the Palantir, and until that time, Xivion had decided to hide it at this crumbling abbey.

King Xivion had made the grim pilgrimage to the abbey with only 20 of his finest bodyguards and a dozen or so servants. After hiding his prize in the ruins, he gathered his men about him. He then bade his servants to fill their cups with wine he had brought especially for the celebration. Taking up a golden cup prepared in advance for him, Xivion hoisted it high and shouted, "My warriors! My task is near complete, but yours has barely begun! You have been chosen for your might of arm and martial skill. You will guard my prize until such a time as I have need of it! Drink! Drink to mark our great task!"

As he finished his address, he drank from his own cup and the warriors did likewise. It is ironic, though, that their loyalty to their leader sealed their doom. The wine, tainted with a poison most terrible, affected each and every warrior immediately as they fell into grotesque seizures before ending in an agonizing death minutes later. Xivion, who was quite pleased with his treachery, could only smile at their deaths.

As night fell, Xivion prepared a spell that would insure the safekeeping of the Palantir and the silence of its guards, a spell designed to steal and enslave the souls of its victims. As Xivion finished his incantation, a mist-like form appeared beside the fallen bodies, wraithlike in appearance, with eyes that burned with the hatred born of betrayal. The corpses of Xivion's four personal bodyguards twisted and twitched, changed by the necromantic magic. Where once there were four proud and powerful warriors, now stood wights, bound to protect the abbey from the living and to shepherd the souls now trapped as wraiths. His task completed, Xivion, replete with dark joy, retreated from the ruined Sanctuary. No one would approach this remote place and live except him and those in his charge. When the stars were right, he would return and activate

his horrible creation, and forever bury the fear he felt for the Dark Brotherhood. Indeed the whole of creation would be within his grasp.

History tells us of the eventual fall of Xivion, and of the ascension of the cult of Khardullis to power in Malvernus, but does not mention the Palantir of blood, or the mad King's efforts to thwart his eventual downfall. What is known to the world at large has been garnered through rumor, occasional mentions in various texts of questionable origin and outright lies. As to the undead guards' ultimate fate, that is lost in the shadows of dark history...

SPECIAL NOTES CONCERNING THE CURSED AND FOUL UNDEAD GUARDIANS OF THE ABBEY AND THE PALANTIR

Sacrifice and betrayal are both potent in magical potential, as they bring to focus powerful emotion. The poor souls held sway by the horrid necromancy of Xivion are bound to the task of guarding the Palantir and its resting place. The enchantment that binds them is so powerful that many who have met their fate on the grounds of the Sanctuary were trapped by its unholy influence, however in less powerful incarnations than the original guardians. Normally undead cannot function without the direct control of an intelligent entity such as a Necromancer or Liche. The nature of the binding magic that enslaves the souls of these poor wretches is such that it gives direction to the actions of its victims. In this scenario the undead have no leader as such, but are directed by the spell placed on them and the evil energy contained in the Palantir itself. Like all undead they are utterly without fear (indeed it has no meaning to them) and will attack any creature that approaches the ruined abbey.

Victory conditions: basically put, the prevention of the removal of the Palantir from the ruin constitutes undead victory. If the player can kill the Malvernian Inquisitor, Black Legionnaires, and the Unholy Warrior then this constitutes a major victory; they join the ranks of the undead guardians of the abbey.

If the Unholy warrior survives, but not the Inquisitor or Legionnaires, then a partial victory can be claimed. In any

Undead Stats

2198 Points

DESCRIPTION	CL	MM	MO	CCV	STR	RAV	R	TRA	RDV	MA	MD	COM	SF	PAG	AAG	CG	PL	COST	STOCK NO.
(4) Wights Undead	4	8"	-	+12	4	-	-	-	+8	-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-	408	2296
(16) Wraiths Undead	3	10"	-	+2	1	-	-	-	+7	-	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	784	2148/2281
(10) Skeletons Undead with Crossbows	4	10"	-	+2	1	-	-	-	+7	-	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	490	2089
(10) Ghost Undead	2	12"	-	+1	1	-	-	-	+4	-	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	330	2314
(6) Specter Undead	3	6"	-	+1	1	-	-	-	+6	-	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	186	2147



case, if the Palantir remains on the battlefield at game end, then victory belongs to the undead regardless of enemy casualties.

Malvern's Briefing

Fear. It filled the heart of Acolyte Inquisitor Burtrund as he trembled on his knees before the Grand Inquisitor. He had only been in the presence of the Grand Inquisitor once before. On that occasion he witnessed the death of an Inquisitor who had failed to appear awed enough to be in the inner sanctum of the Voice of Khardullis.

The Grand Inquisitor's eyes glowed malevolently deep within the dark hood that obscured his face. Within his withered hand, he grasped a small, leather-bound book. He gazed down at down upon the unwilling messenger and spoke in a sepulchrous voice that sent chills across Burtrund's body. "Tell me again, servant, where did you find this?"

Clearing his throat, Burtrund struggled to speak. "M-my lord, it is as I have said! It was discovered behind a stone beneath Stormspire Keep. I was supervising the repair of

a fireplace, when a stonemason found the book. Upon examination I determined it to be the journal of Xivion." Burtrund realized that he had begun to sweat and his mouth was as dry as dust. "I immediately informed Senior Inquisitor Denefin, who bade me bring it to you."

The Grand Inquisitor opened the book and began to read. After what seemed an eternity he spoke. "That which is spoke of in this journal should not exist. If it does, then we must have it, for it could be of some use to our dark god Khardullis."

He returned his gaze back to Burtrund. "You indeed did well to report this. Now you will serve the will of Khardullis, and fetch me this prize of power, this Palantir of Blood. I will arrange for Baron Heartthorne in Kaladis to supply you with troops to guard your way. To assure your return, I also grant to you a bodyguard of Black Legionnaires."

Burtrund's knees barely supported him as he arose to his feet and began to back away from the Grand Inquisitor's throne. "Y-yes, your worship, I shall leave immediately!"

Before he could reach the door, the Grand Inquisitor spoke again with words which Burtrund could not mistake a certain finality.

"Do not fail me..."

Malvernian Stats

2181 Points

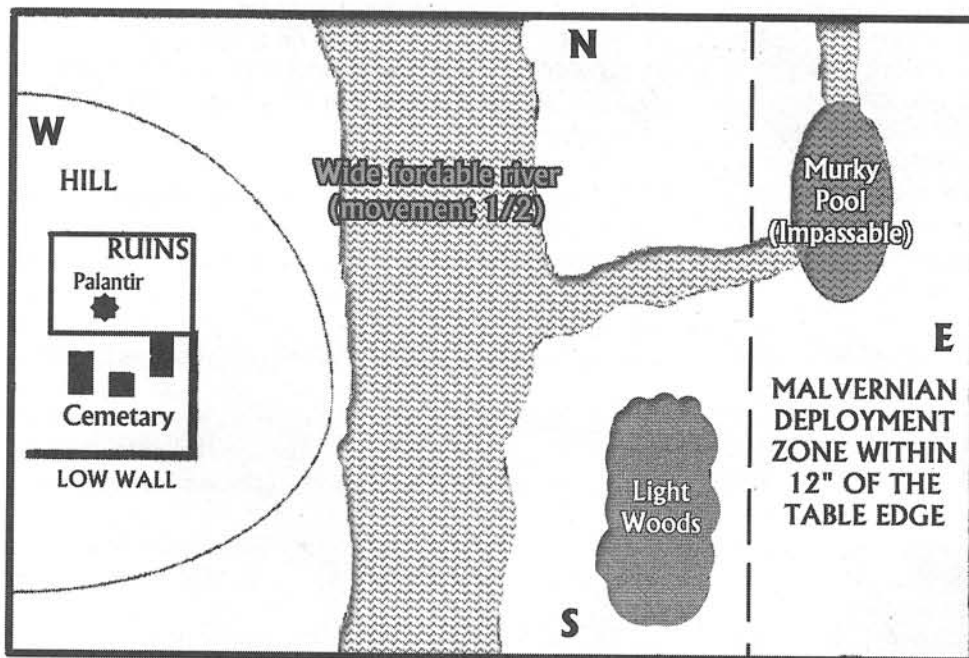
DESCRIPTION	CL	MM	MO	CCV	STR	RAV	R	TRA	RDV	MA	MD	COM	SF	PAG	AAG	CG	PL	COST	STOCK NO.
The Unholy Warrior	4	12"	9	+16	4	-	-	-	+5	-	+3	5	8	-	-	-	-	353	2146
Inquisitor of Malvernian Burtrund	2	12"	6	+2	1	-	-	-	+2	+1	0	-	-	-	-	3	-	82	2324/2337
(16) Black Legionnaires Elite Warriors	4	8"	7	+8	1	-	-	-	+3	-	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	864	6019
(20) Men at Arms with Polearms	3	10"	6	+4	1	-	-	-	+1	-	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	600	6022
(2) Hill Troll Conscripts	2	12"	6	+7	4	-	-	-	+4	-	+1	-	4	-	-	-	-	282	2117, 2421

The Malvernian player takes control of Burtrund and his band of warriors as they attempt to recover the Palantir from the ruins of the abandoned Sanctuary of Anarion where it has rested for hundreds of years. Baron Heartthorne of Kaladis has been ordered to supply troops to Burtrund, but has not been told the reason why. He has sent a small force of men at arms in response to this command. In addition he has dispatched the Unholy Warrior, in whom he has great trust, in the hope that he might learn more of Burtrund's quest.

The Malvernians must search the ruins and recover the Palantir. No pack beast can be made to approach the ruins, as they seem filled with panic as the party draws near. The pack animals are left with a team of muleskinners. The party must search the ruined Sanctuary on foot and carry the Palantir back to the animals. Once recovered they must exit of the eastern edge of the board with it. It will take two men at arms to carry it as it is quite large (two cubits in diameter) and heavy. After it is located, use a counter to represent the Palantir;

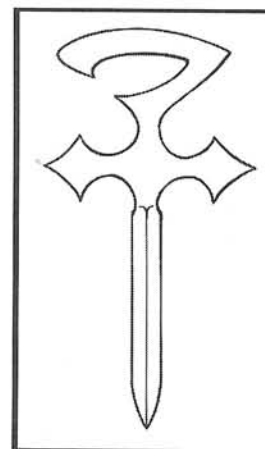
a penny or like object works nicely. To transport it, the Malvernians must have two models in base contact with it. As they are concentrating on moving with their prize, the only action they can initiate is movement, and then at -25% of total MM. In addition, as long as they carry the counter, they fight at -4 to their CCV. The models may put the counter down and fight at normal CCV, but only if they do not move that turn.

Victory conditions: If Burtrund and the unholy warrior survive, AND the Palantir exits of the east end of the field, then the Malvernian player achieves a major victory. If the Palantir is recovered and Burtrund survives, then a moderate victory is achieved. If the Palantir is recovered and at least 3 Black Legionnaires survive to take it back to the Grand Inquisitor, and then a minor victory is achieved. If the prize is collected and only the Unholy Warrior survives (among himself, Burtrund, and Black Legionnaires) it can be assumed that he takes the prize to his lord Baron Heartthorne. This is a victory of sorts, but only for the Baron.



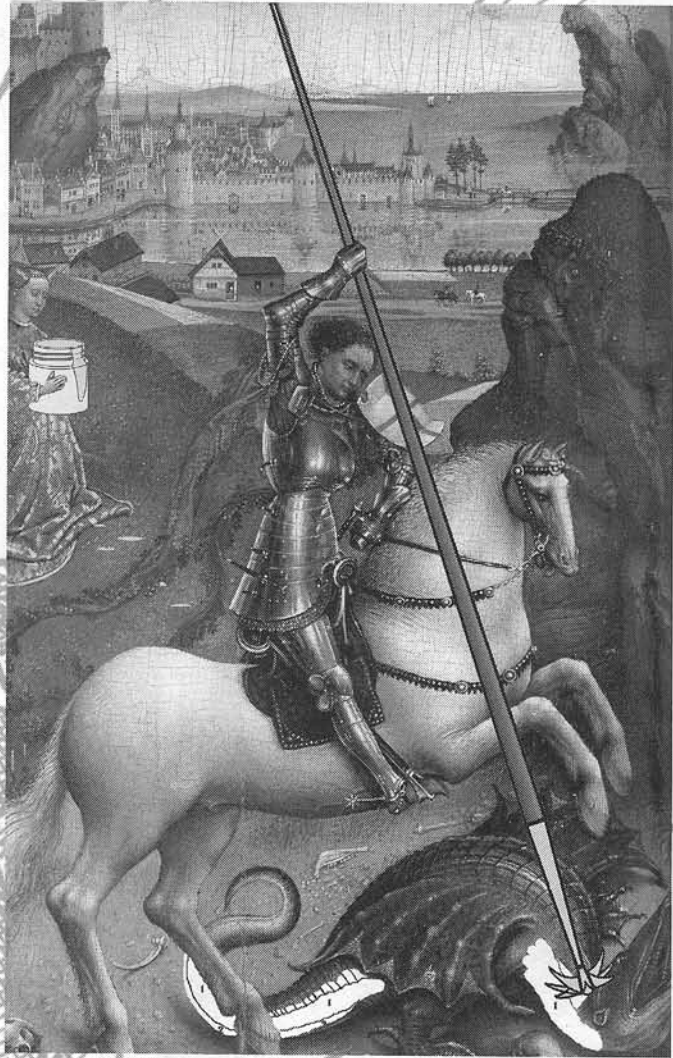
Undead army deploys within six inches of the ruins and cemetery.

Malvernian forces must enter and exit only from the eastern edge of the field.



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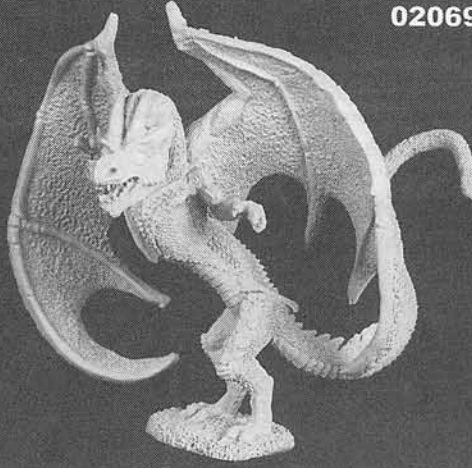
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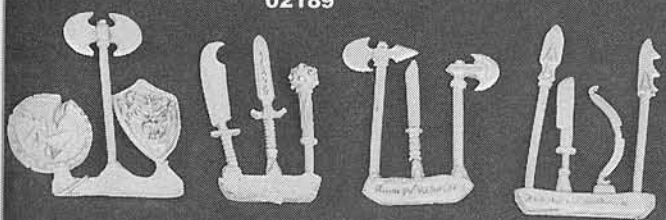
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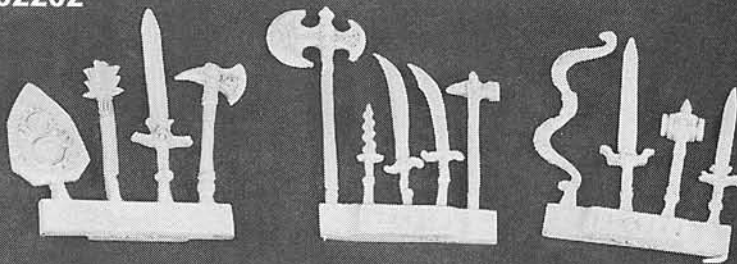
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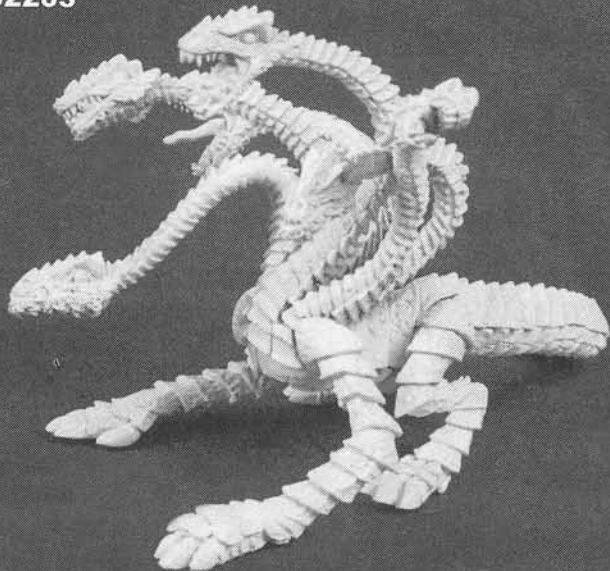


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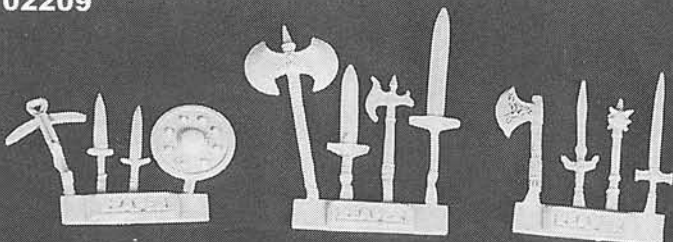


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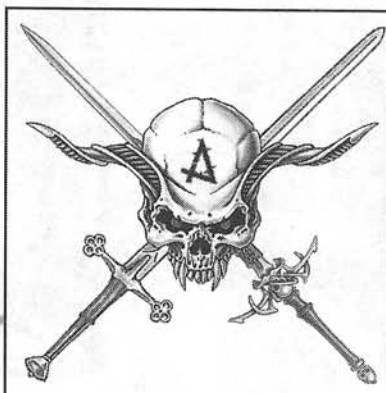
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**ANGUS STORMHAND
KING OF HEIMDALL**
BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 2.25

02248



ALYSCIA OF THE FOREST
PAINTING CONTEST WINNER
BY BOB RIDOLFI

\$ 2.75

02250



EARTH ELEMENTAL
BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 5.50

02251



FIRE ELEMENTAL
BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 5.50

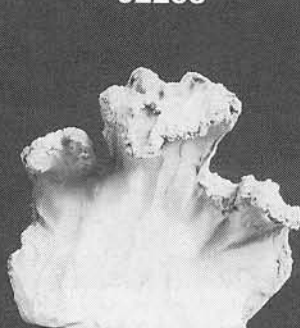
02252



WIND ELEMENTAL
BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 5.50

02253



WATER ELEMENTAL
BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 5.50

02254



**ALURA THE
SUCCUBUS**
BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 2.75

02256



**ARACHNO-ASSASSIN
ARCHER**
BY ED PUGH

\$ 2.50

02255



GHOSTS

(2 IN PACK)

\$ 2.95

BY STEVE SAUNDERS

02258



GROMDOOM OF THE BAKARATHI

\$ 3.50

BY JIM JOHNSON

02259


 ORC WARRIOR
OF KARGIR
BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 2.25

02261


 WILLIAM DRAKEHART
BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 6.95

02262


 ORC WARRIOR
OF KARGIR
BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 2.50

02263


 TREZZNA
BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 5.95

02265


 WILLIAM MCANDREW
HIGHLANDER
BY BOBBY JACKSON

\$ 2.25

02267


 BRIANNA OF
THE BLADE
BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 2.25

02268


 MILES O'MANNON
HIGHLANDER
BY BOBBY JACKSON

\$ 2.25

02269


 ASERLIS
LICHE LORD
BY BOB OLLEY

\$ 3.00

02270


 GOLGOTH
THE ERADICATOR
BY BOB OLLEY

\$ 3.50

02271


 BRUCE O'HUGH
HIGHLANDER
BY BOBBY JACKSON

\$ 2.25

02272


 ORC WARRIOR
OF KARGIR
BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 2.25

02273


 DEREK THE TALL
BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 6.95

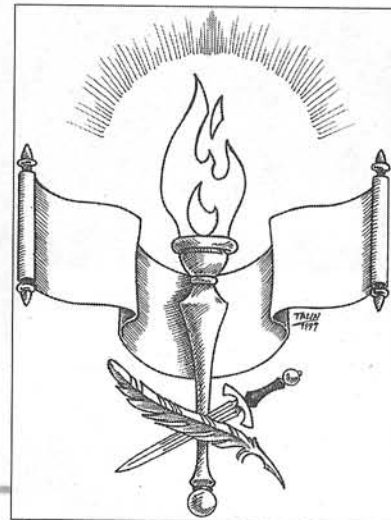
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02274	02275	02276	02277
			
DERN IRONFIST (DWARF) <i>BY SANDRA GARRITY</i> \$ 2.00	WIGLAF, KJORD BERSERKER <i>BY KEVIN CONTOS</i> \$ 2.25	PATRICK ROWAN HIGHLANDER <i>BY BOBBY JACKSON</i> \$ 2.25	DEAN HAWKWOOD <i>BY JIM JOHNSON</i> \$ 2.25



02279	02281
	
BAALBEK OF JALAHANDRA <i>BY BOBBY JACKSON</i> \$ 2.50	CRYPT WRAITH <i>BY BOB RIDOLFI</i> \$ 2.50

02283

ORK WARRIOR OF KARGIR <i>BY BOB OLLEY</i> \$ 2.25

02285	02286
	
OSVICK STRICK OF KJORD <i>BY SANDRA GARRITY</i> \$ 2.25	QUINN ROWAN HIGHLADER <i>BY BOBBY JACKSON</i> \$ 2.25

02288	02287
	
GARNUK THE OGRE <i>BY BOB OLLEY</i> \$ 5.95	ORK WARRIOR OF KARGIR <i>BY BOB OLLEY</i> \$ 2.25

02289	02290	02291
		
OLAF, WOLF WARRIOR OF KJORD <i>BY BOBBY JACKSON</i> \$ 2.25	FENRIS THE PALE <i>BY JIM JOHNSON</i> \$ 2.50	GARISH MCRAE HIGHLANDER SHAMAN <i>BY BOBBY JACKSON</i> \$ 2.25

D H A

C A T A L O G

02292

02293

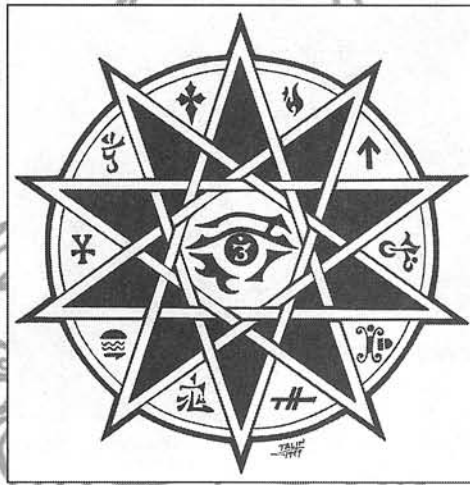



DEREK
THE TALL
BY SANDRA GARRITY

MIA OF
THE BLADE
BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 2.25

\$ 2.25



02294



THORONDIL OF
KRAGMARR
BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 6.95

02295

02296

02297





JURGEN HEYERDALL
KING OF KJORD
BY SANDRA GARRITY

WIGHT OF THE
WESTBARROW HILLS
BY BOB OLLEY

KABALLAH
THE COLOSSUS
BY BOBBY JACKSON

\$ 2.95

\$ 2.95

2.50

02298

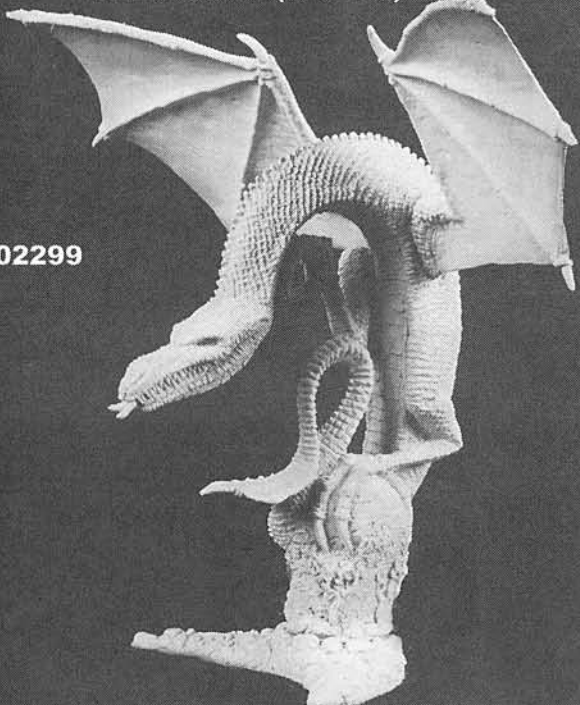


DAMON NASHORN

\$ 2.25 BY JIM JOHNSON

WING SPAN (175mm)

02299



BLACKSTING

\$ 15.95

BY KEVIN CONTOS

02300



MOUNTED LANCER

\$ 6.95

BY SANDRA GARRITY

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02301



**THORONDIL OF
KRAGMARR
(DWARF)**
BY SANDRA GARRITY
\$ 2.25

02302



**TOBIAS THE DARK
SPECTRE**
BY BOB OLLEY
\$ 2.95

02303



**MASON ROWAN
CLAN LEADER**
BY BOBBY JACKSON
\$ 2.25

02304



**VANESSA OF
THE BLADE**
BY SANDRA GARRITY
\$ 2.25

02305



**REAPER OF THE APOCALYPSE
WAR**
BY BOB OLLEY
\$ 3.50

02306



**LOR GORNA
WIZARD OF KJORD**
BY BOBBY JACKSON
\$ 2.50

02307



**JOS GEBBLAR
NECROMANCER**
BY JIM JOHNSON
\$ 2.50

02308



**HURIN, CHAMPION
OF ANHUR**
BY SANDRA GARRITY
\$ 2.25

02309



**BATNA
SUCCUBUS**
BY SANDRA GARRITY
\$ 2.75

02310



**ST. TARKUS
DIRE-DEAD INQUISITOR**
BY BOB OLLEY
\$ 2.95

02311



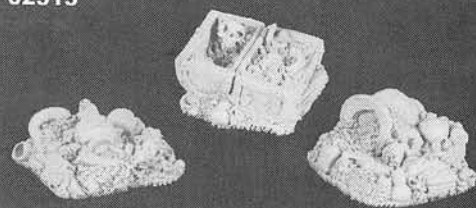
**BLACK LEGIONNAIRE
OF MALVERNIS**
BY BOBBY JACKSON
\$ 2.25

02312



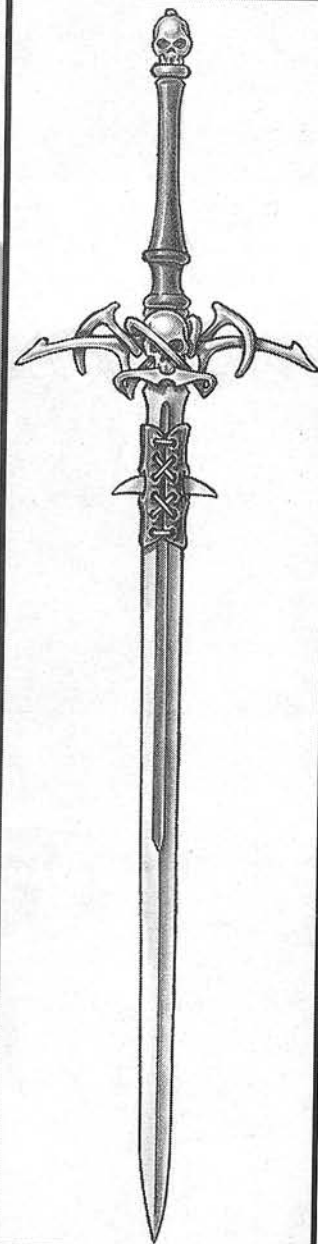
**VOURGHA
OGRE LEADER**
BY BOB OLLEY
\$ 5.95

02313



**TREASURE HOARD I
(3 PIECES IN PACKAGE)**
\$ 4.95

BY BOB OLLEY



C A T A L O G

02314



GHOST

BY MARK KAY

\$ 2.25

02315



LIZARD MAN WARRIOR

BY BEN SIENS

\$ 2.25

02316



**BROM, BARBARIAN
CHAMPION**

BY MARK KAY

\$ 2.25

02317



GRIM REAPER

BY BOB OLLEY

\$ 3.50

02318



**FERACH THE FURIOUS
ORC WARLORD**

BY BOB OLLEY

\$ 2.25

02319



**AMATHOR THE
ARCH MAGE**

BY JIM JOHNSON

\$ 2.50

02321

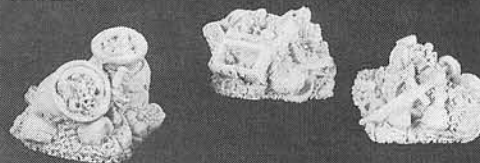


**BLACK ORC
WARRIOR**

BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 3.25

02320



TREASURE HOARD II

(3 PIECES IN PACKAGE)

\$ 4.95

BY BOB OLLEY

02322



**KLAUS TOTENHERTZ
VAMPIRE COMMANDER**

BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 2.25

02323



**FEANOR STARBROW
WOOD ELF KING**

BY SANDRA GARRITY

\$ 2.50

02324



**WAR WIZARD OF
MALVERNIS**

BY BOBBY JACKSON

\$ 2.25

02325



KAGUNK OGRE CHEIFTAIN

\$ 6.95

BY BOB OLLEY

02326



**BRITTA, WAR MAIDEN
OF RITTERLICH**

BY BOBBY JACKSON

\$ 2.25

02327



**ULF WOLFMANE
CHAMPION OF HALDOR**

BY JIM JOHNSON

\$ 2.50

02328



**LORATH
ORC SHAMAN**

BY BOB OLLEY

\$ 2.25

02329



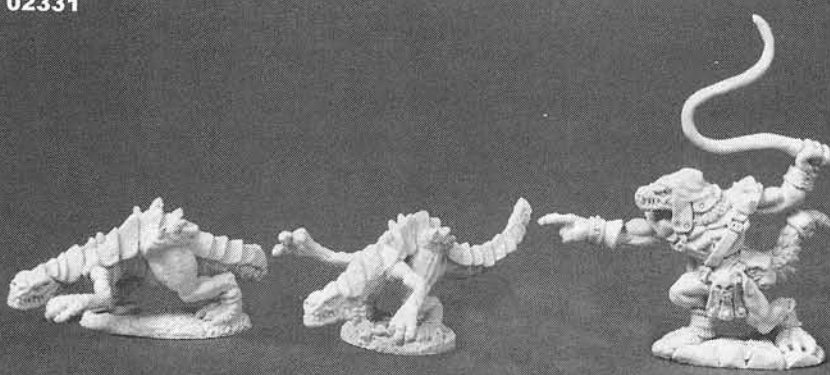
**SIOBHANA
VAMPIRE QUEEN**
BY JIM JOHNSON
\$ 2.25

02330



TEMPLAR KNIGHT
BY BOBBY JACKSON
\$ 2.25

02331



LIZARD MAN WITH LIZARD HUNTING PACK
BY BEN SEING
\$ 6.50

02332



**TEPES TRAJAN
VAMPIRE CHAMPION**
BY JIM JOHNSON
\$ 2.25

02333



**ORLATH HOARBEARD
OF KJORD**
BY MARK KAY
\$ 2.75

02337



**INQUISITOR OF
MALVERNIS**
BY BOBBY JACKSON
\$ 2.25

02334



**AMROTH STARLIGHT
ELVEN WARDER**
BY SANDRA GARRITY
\$ 2.50

02335



**BLACK ORC
W/ TWO HANDED SWORD**
BY SANDRA GARRITY
\$ 3.50

02336



**EMILE VAN STORME
VAMPIRE WARLORD**
BY JIM JOHNSON
\$ 2.50

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**STEFAN VON KRUGER
VAMPIRE WARLORD**
BY SANDRA GARRITY
\$ 2.50

02342



**SKARR, ORC WARLORD
OF THE WOODSPIKE**
BY SANDRA GARRITY
\$ 2.25

02338



**STERN KESTRELMANN
CHAMPION OF DORNHEIM**
BY JIM JOHNSON
\$ 2.25

02339



**TEMPLAR
KNIGHT**
BY BOBBY JACKSON
\$ 2.25

02340



**UNTHAR GODSHAND
HIGH PRIEST OF ANARION**
BY SANDRA GARRITY
\$ 2.50

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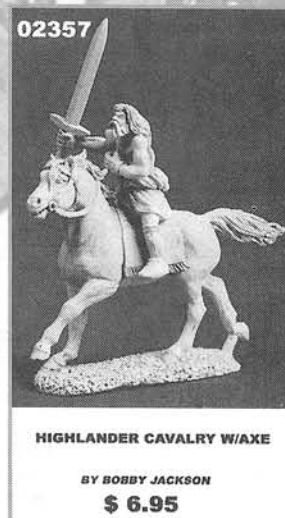
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LARS RAGNARSON
CHAMPION OF KJORD
BY SANDRA GARRITY
\$ 2.75

02359



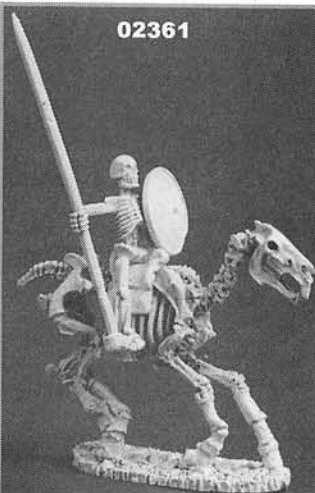
EDWIN MCANDREW
HIGHLANDER CHAMPION
BY SANDRA GARRITY
\$ 2.50

02360



CARDOLAN LONGSTRIDER
RANGER
BY JIM JOHNSON
\$ 2.75

02361



SKELETAL CAVARLY W/SWORD
BY BOB OLLEY
\$ 4.95

02362



HIGHLANDER ZOMBIE
BY BOBBY JACKSON
\$ 2.50

02363



GHOST WITH SWORD
BY MARK KAY
\$ 2.50

02364



PROTECTOR OF SOULS
BY BEN SIENS
\$ 2.95

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ORBA SINHAN
BY JIM JOHNSON
\$ 2.50

02366



DAR DIMPLEFOOT
BY SANDRA GARRITY
\$ 2.25

02367



DRAGOTH THE DEFILER
BY BOB OLLEY
\$ 3.50

02368



THE RAVEN
BY JIM JOHNSON
\$ 2.75

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KING DENETHALL
OF HALDOR
BY JIM JOHNSON
\$ 2.95

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LUTHER BALDWIN
TEMPLAR COMMANDER
BY BOBBY JACKSON
\$ 2.75

02371



NORD KEGBREAKER
BY BOB OLLEY
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DIETER VON REGMON
BY BOBBY JACKSON
\$ 2.50

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BALAN IRONBREAKER
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\$ 2.50

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**GARGOYLE
WARRIOR**
BY BEN SIENS
\$ 2.95

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**CONSTANTINE
THE LARGE**
BY JIM JOHNSON
\$ 2.50

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BRAG IRONBALLS
BY BOB OLLEY
\$ 2.50

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**KING HARBROMM
AXEHELM**
BY SANDRA GARRITY
\$ 2.50

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**GARGOYLE
WARRIOR**
BY BEN SIENS
\$ 2.95

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**OSKAR
DUNMESSER**
BY BOBBY JACKSON
\$ 2.75

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**CONJUNCTIVUS
ORB MONSTER**
BY JIM JOHNSON
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**MORKOTH
VIPERTONGUE**
BY JIM JOHNSON
\$ 2.50

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**DWARVEN
WARMASTER**
BY BOB OLLEY
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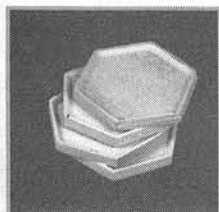
02384



GORD IRONHEAD
BY BOB OLLEY
\$ 2.50

BATTLE BASES

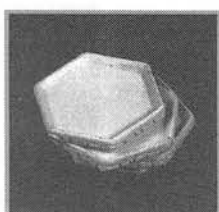
For mounting your favorite figures



74004
SMOOTH BASE
HEX
25MM
4 IN PACK

74004

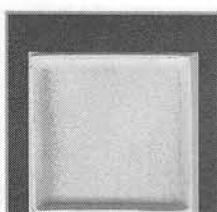
\$ 3.25



74005
STONE BASE
HEX
25MM
4 IN PACK

74005

\$ 3.25



74006
SMOOTH BASE
SQUARE
1 INCH
4 IN PACK

74006

\$ 3.25



74007
SMOOTH BASE
RECTANGLE
1 IN X 2 IN
3 IN PACK

74007

\$ 3.25

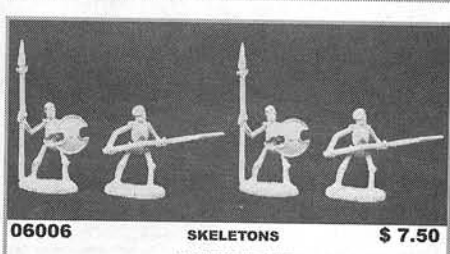
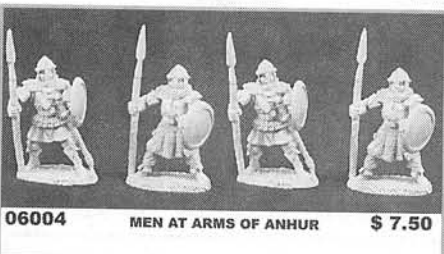
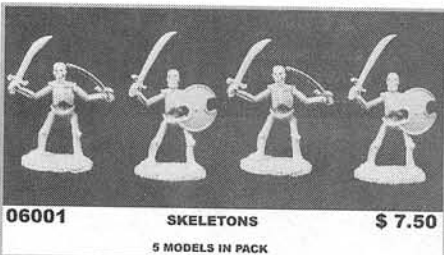
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DARK HEAVEN DHA APOCALYPSE DELUXE ARMY PACKS

ALL PACKS CONTAIN FOUR FIGURES
UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED



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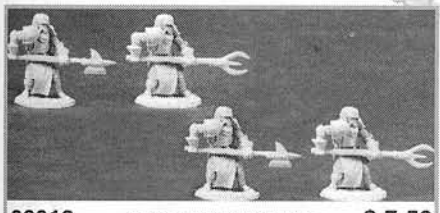
06016 ORC ARCHERS \$ 7.50



06017 ORCS W/ AXES \$ 7.50



06018 DWARVEN AXEMEN \$ 7.50



06019 BLACK LEGIONNAIRES OF MALVERNIS \$ 7.50



06020 DWARVEN HAMMERS \$ 7.50



06021 ELVEN ARCHERS \$ 7.50



06022 MEN AT ARMS W/ POLEARMS \$ 7.50



06023 ANHURIAN SWORDSMEN \$ 7.50



06024 DWARVEN SWORDSMEN \$ 7.50



06025 ANHURIAN CROSSBOWMEN \$ 7.50



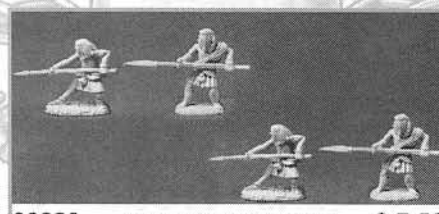
06026 ORC W/SPEARS \$ 7.50



06027 ORCS W/TWO HANDED WEAPONS \$ 7.50



06028 PLAGUE ZOMBIES \$ 7.50



06029 HIGHLANDERS W/SPEARS \$ 7.50



06030 MEN AT ARMS - ARCHERS \$ 7.50



06031 SKELETAL CROSSBOWMEN \$ 7.50



06032 SKELETAL COMMAND PACK \$ 7.50



06033 HIGHLANDER INFANTRY \$ 7.50



06034 WRAITHS \$ 7.50



06035 GHOULS \$ 7.50



06036 TEMPLAR KNIGHTS \$ 7.50

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PREVIOUS WINNERS' FIGURE DESIGNS



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PAINTING CONTEST WINNER
BY RICHARD KERR

Dee Sanders
Wills Point, TX
Cosmo Killer
Clown



ROLLER GIRL
PAINTING CONTEST WINNER
BY SANDRA GARRITY

Laszlo
Jakusovszky
San Jose, CA
Roller Girl



02248
ALYSCIA OF THE FOREST
PAINTING CONTEST WINNER
BY BOB RIDOLFI

Matt Clark
Rock Island, IL.
Alyscia of the
Forest



02364
PROTECTOR OF SOULS
PAINTING CONTEST WINNER
BY BEN SIENS

Mike McCuen
Arbutus, MD.
Protector of
Souls



RICTUR DIEHN
PAINTING CONTEST WINNER
BY BOBBY JACKSON

Phillip Roop
Fairfax, MO.
Rictur Diehn

SHADOW

15mm FANTASY MINIATURES

CORPS

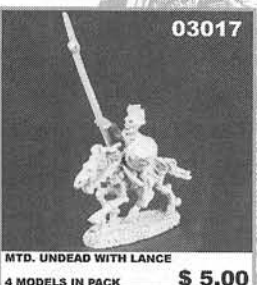
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15mm fantasy figures
by the H.G. Wells
award winning sculptor
Rene Perez

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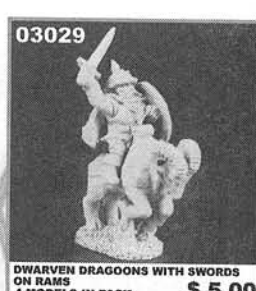
03026
MTD. DWARVEN BESERKERS
4 MODELS IN PACK **\$ 5.00**



03027
DWARVEN DRAGOONS
COMMAND SET
4 MODELS IN PACK **\$ 5.00**



03028
DWARVEN DRAGOONS WITH LANCES
ON RAMS
4 MODELS IN PACK **\$ 5.00**



03029
DWARVEN DRAGOONS WITH SWORDS
ON RAMS
4 MODELS IN PACK **\$ 5.00**



03030
DWARVEN HEAVY CAVALRY ON
BEARS COMMAND SET
2 MODELS IN PACK **\$ 5.00**



03031
DWARVEN HEAVY CAVALRY ON
BEARS WITH SWORDS
3 MODELS IN PACK **\$ 6.00**



03032
DWARVEN HEAVY CAVALRY ON
BEARS WITH LANCES
3 MODELS IN PACK **\$ 6.00**



03033
DWARVEN SHOCKTROOPERS
10 MODELS IN PACK **\$ 5.00**



03034
DWARVEN SHOCKTROOPER
CROSSBOWMEN
10 MODELS IN PACK **\$ 5.00**



03035
DWARVEN SHOCKTROOPER
HANDGUNNERS
10 MODELS IN PACK **\$ 5.00**



03036
DWARVEN SHOCKTROOPERS CAVALRY
ON RAMS
4 MODELS IN PACK **\$ 5.00**



03037
DWARVEN SHOCKTROOPER CAVALRY
ON SABERTOOTH TIGERS
2 MODELS IN PACK **\$ 6.00**

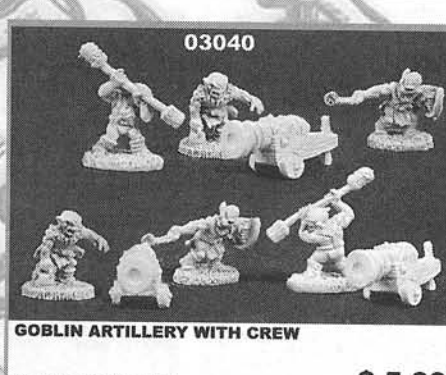
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03038
DWARVEN ARTILLERY WITH CREW
1 GUN & 4 CREW IN PACK **\$ 6.00**



03039
DWARVEN MORTAR WITH CREW
2 GUNS & 7 CREW IN PACK **\$ 6.00**



03040
GOBLIN ARTILLERY WITH CREW
3 GUNS & 5 CREW IN PACK **\$ 5.00**



03041
GOBLIN WAGON WITH CREW
1 COMPLETE MODEL IN PACK **\$ 9.00**



03042
UNDEAD FOUR HORSE CHARIOT
1 COMPLETE MODEL IN PACK **\$ 7.00**

03043

**ORC ARTILLERY AND CREW**

1 GUN & 4 CREW IN PACK

\$ 6.00

03044

**ORC MORTAR AND CREW**

2 GUNS & 7 CREW IN PACK

\$ 6.00

03045

**ORC INFANTRY**

10 MODELS IN PACK

\$ 5.00

03046

**ORC BOWMEN**

8 MODELS IN PACK

\$ 5.00

03047

**BLACK ORC COMMAND**

8 MODELS IN PACK

\$ 5.00

03048

**ORC W/TWO HANDED WEAPONS**

10 MODELS IN PACK

\$ 5.00

03049

**ORC CAVALRY ON SCORPIONS**

2 MODELS IN PACKS

\$ 7.00

03050

**BLACK ORC W/POLEARMS**

8 MODELS IN PACK

\$ 5.00

03051

**BLACK ORC INFANTRY**

8 MODELS IN PACK

\$ 5.00

03052

**BLACK ORC BOWMEN**

8 MODELS IN PACK

\$ 5.00

03053

**BLACK ORC COMMAND**

8 MODELS IN PACK

\$ 5.00

03054

**BLACK ORC CHAMPIONS**

8 MODELS IN PACK

\$ 5.00

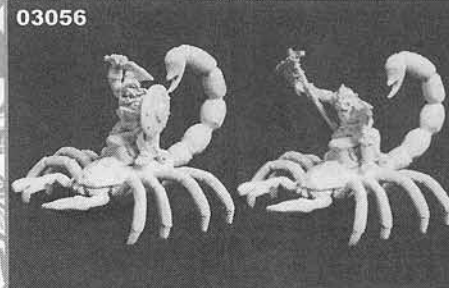
03055

**BLACK ORC SCORPION**

2 MODELS IN PACK

\$ 7.00

03056

**BLACK ORC CAVALRY COMMAND**

2 MODELS IN PACK

\$ 7.00

03057

**ELEMENTALS (FIRE & EARTH)**

2 MODELS IN PACK

\$ 5.50

03058

**ELEMENTALS (WATER & WIND)**

2 MODELS IN PACK

\$ 5.50

SHADOW

15mm FANTASY MINIATURES

CORPS

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DAIMYO

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04004
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04005
ARMORED SAMURAI



04006
ARMORED SAMURAI



04007
ARMORED SAMURAI



04008
ARMORED SAMURAI



04009
ASHIGARU



04010
ASHIGARU



04011
SOHEI



04012
SOHEI



04013
SHOYA



04014
MONK



04015
MONK



04016
OTOKODATE



04017
NINJA



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04020
NINJA



04021
SAMURAI



04022
FEMALE NINJA

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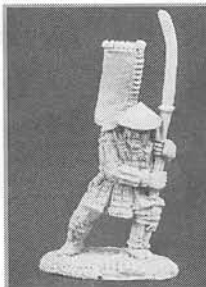
04023
MOUNTED SAMURAI



04024
MOUNTED SAMURAI



04025
MOUNTED SAMURAI



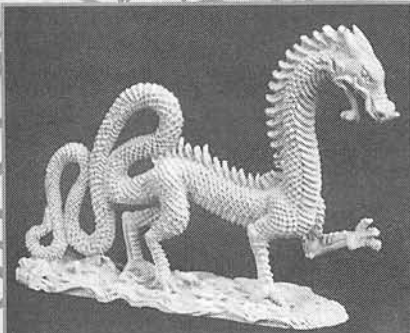
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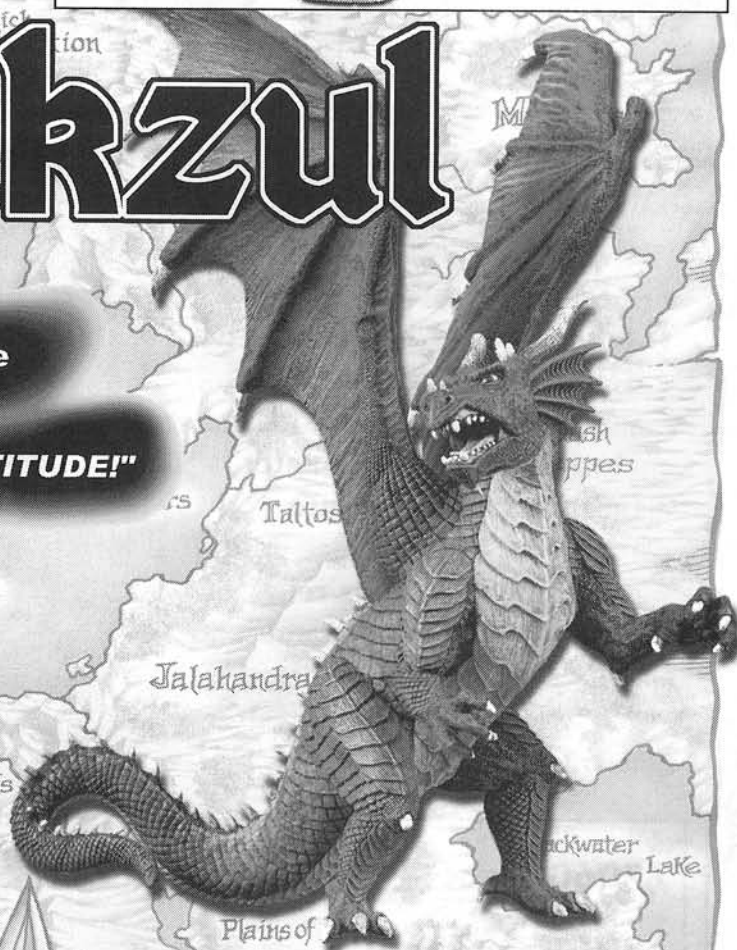
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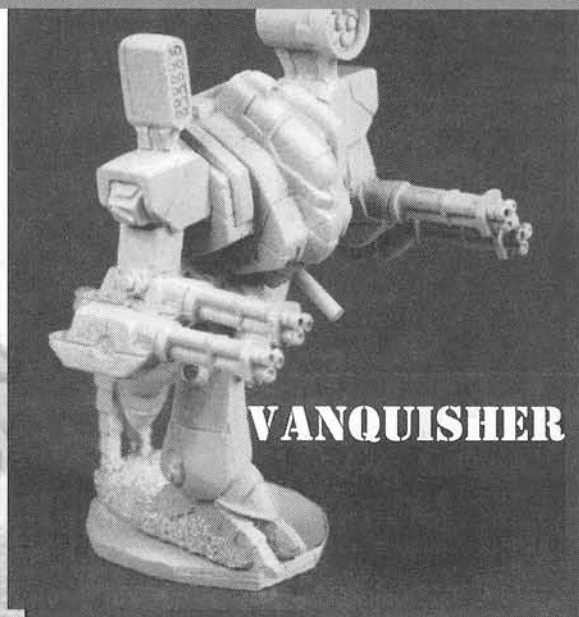
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VANQUISHER

CLASSIFIED REPORT

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Ritterlich – Force, purpose and focus.

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NADO & AEC – North Adon Defense Organization and the Adon Economic Community that supports it. A great bunch of guys and gals out to protect you even if it kills you.

Templars – The ancient brotherhood has been revived and brought back from the dead by its new leader Vax Spiro.

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Earth – Dominant military built on high-technology.



DICTATOR



TYRANT

The Kargin Hunt



Oran'kar
Ogre Chieftain

Part III

Enter the Ivy Crown

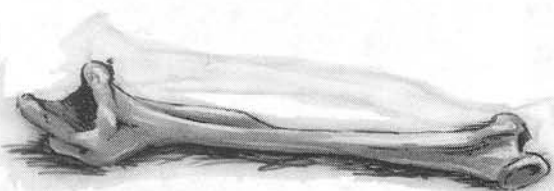
by Robert E. Allen III

It has been six weeks since the valiant forces of Prince Nicholas had broken through the orcish line at the Battle of the Bloody Coast, although it had nearly cost the life of Princess Elena - only the lucky intervention of Prince Nicholas himself had saved her from the massive club of an ogre chieftain. Her wounds would heal, but for now, she would play no further role in the fighting.

It has only been two weeks since the defeat and near-rout of Hurin's forces at Gildur Plain. Hurin himself had fallen, but his brave bodyguards managed to recover his body. Thanks to the selfless efforts of Gwendalyn the Healer, he would indeed live on. But he would not be able to fight for some time - nor did he have much of an army left to fight. Ta'Resk, the Butcher of Gildur Plain, mercilessly hounded the retreating Anhurians and slew nearly the entire force.

The news had been grim. While Prince Nicholas' forces raced up the coast to meet the warriors of Kjord, the entire center of the Anhurian war effort had now been defeated. The grim warriors of Anhur felt the direness of the situation. They hoped in their hearts that all would not be lost. If the orcs could press their advantage, then they could sweep into the shattered remnants of Free Anhur and crush all resistance entirely.

It will be up to Lord Falco Steelcross, commander of the Vestonian Army, to stop that from happening.



From the personal diary of Sendur, Knight of the Ivy Crown - 21st day of Vita

We have traveled hard from Telluria to take part in the coming battles. At the request of our leader, Sir William, we have been assigned to Lord Steelcross as the vanguard of the attack on the orcish line. There are but few of us, and I fear that we may not return from this war alive. But we will die gloriously, killing orcs; and for that any Knight of the Ivy Crown would be envious.

It is the goal of Lord Steelcross to plow through the orcish defensive line bordering Free Anhur and Vestonia. We have met some resistance from the orcs, but the outcome of our attacks to their flanks is always certain: their rout or destruction. Yet they fight on, despite our numbers and advantage. What could these savages be holding out for?

12th day of Dritt

The march had been ordered to stop. Over the next hill an army of orcs has been sighted. They are ready for us, unlike the previous groups we have encountered. This one is more organized, as well - our scouts say they seem to be led by an ogre, apparently of great cunning. It does not matter to us, either way. Tomorrow, we will face them. And the Knights of the Ivy Crown will show them our colors, and we will ride them down.

Oran'kar, chieftain of the Sodor ogre tribe, was indeed the leader of the orcish forces. He had been given this army by Gragg Elfslayer himself, and commanded to halt the humans here. He was not in the habit of failing Gragg. Those who did frequently did not survive the experience.

Oran'kar's force was not a typical orcish force. It was comprised largely of the Sodor ogres, as well as a strong contingent of orcish spears and bowmen. But what really made it dangerous was Oran'kar's secret weapon - a band of trolls from eastern Kargir. Utterly feral and barely restrained, Oran'kar planned to have them deal with the Knights of the Ivy Crown. Matching chivalry with savagery would be a contest that he suspected the Trolls would win.

SET UP

The Vestonian forces may deploy within 6" of their table edge and no closer than 8" from the tablesides.

The Orcish forces may deploy up to 12" from their table edge, and no closer than 4" from the table sides.

SPECIAL RULES:

The Knights of the Ivy Crown are bold and brave knights who will stop at nothing to charge and run down their foes. To represent this, the Knights of the Ivy Crown **MUST** always move to make contact with enemy units. They do not have to go after the nearest enemy unit, but if they can make contact with an enemy in their movement range, they **MUST** do so.

TACTICAL NOTES FOR VESTONIA

You've got a fairly strong offensive army. Your missile troops - both mounted and foot - will not be doing the bulk of the damage in this battle, but don't count them completely out. The Scout Company is probably best used to flank the orcs and rain arrows into their backsides. Better yet, against the right opponent, this will distract them into chasing the Scout Company, whose superior mobility should save them. Watch out for the ogres and trolls - while they are far from unstoppable, left unchecked they could do serious damage to your army.

TACTICAL NOTES FOR THE ORCS

Yours is somewhat of an elite army. Numbers and mobility are against you here, but your troops can do massive amounts of damage if you can wield them properly. Your ogres and trolls will wreak havoc on most of the Vestonians - only the Knights and Lord Falco

Steelcross himself can stand evenly against you. But don't underestimate the rest of your army - the orcs are certainly no slouches themselves. Since the Vestonians are forced to come to you, try to take out as many as possible on the way into combat with your archers. Then, as they close the range, unleash your ogre and trolls. You might even find it useful to include Oran'kar in with the Decapitators unit, giving them some extra punch against whatever comes their way. Overall, the best tip to winning is not to panic when all of the knights come charging toward you.



Falco cuts a swathe of destruction through the orcish ranks

AND NOW, A FEW WORDS

Those readers who've been with us since Casket Works #2 know that this is an epic campaign that will change the face of Adon permanently. What some of you might not know is this: you have a stake in what's to come! Please send the reports of your battles to warmastr@aol.com and take part in the Kargir Hunt. How you and your gaming groups play will help determine whether the orcs envelop all of Anhur, or if the freedom fighters finally win the day...

Vestonian Forces

2917 Points

DESCRIPTION	CL	MM	MO	CCV	STR	RAV	R	TRA	RDV	MA	MD	COM	SF	PAG	AAG	CG	PL	COST	STOCK NO.
Lord Falco Steelcross	4	12"	9	+12	4	-	-	-	+5	-	+3	20	7	-	-	-	-	272	2113
(15) Mounted Knights of the Ivy Crown	2	16"	7	+4	1	-	-	-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	585	2261
(10) Light Missile Cavalry Scout Company	1	20"	5	+1	1	-1	25"	1	+1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	460	2273
(15) Men at Arms with Maces	3	10"	6	+2	1	-	-	-	+1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	330	6002
(20) Bowmen Cloudburst Company	3	10"	5	+1	1	-1	30"	1	+1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	820	6030
(15) Spearmen Anvil Company	4	8"	6	+4	1	-	-	-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	450	6004

Kargir Forces

2890 Points

DESCRIPTION	CL	MM	MO	CCV	STR	RAV	R	TRA	RDV	MA	MD	COM	SF	PAG	AAG	CG	PL	COST	STOCK NO.
Oran'kar Ogre Chieftan	4	8"	9	+10	4	-	-	-	+5	-	+1	-	5	-	-	-	-	202	2325
(6) Ogres Sodor Tribe	2	12"	8	+7	4	-	-	-	+3	-	+1	-	-	-	-	-	-	498	2288
(6) Cave Trolls	2	12"	6	+6	4	-	-	-	+3	-	+1	-	4	-	-	-	-	750	2416
(15) Orcish Bowmen Heckle Tribe	3	10"	6	+2	1	-1	20"	-	+1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	570	6016
(15) Orcish Bowmen Jeckle Tribe	3	10"	6	+2	1	-1	20"	-	+1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	570	6016
(10) Orcish Axemen Decapitators	3	10"	6	+4	1	-	-	-	+1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	300	6027

Reaper wrestles with Russell

Reaper's thoughts on the movie "Gladiator"



Ron: This movie was tense! I mean, the way the tobacco industry threatened Russell Crowe's family and harassed him throughout...oh wait. That was "The Insider". Never mind. I give it an A+ anyways! (A+)

Price: I always knew the Roman Empire ruled the world, and now I know why! The chick getting cut in half was bad ass! (A)

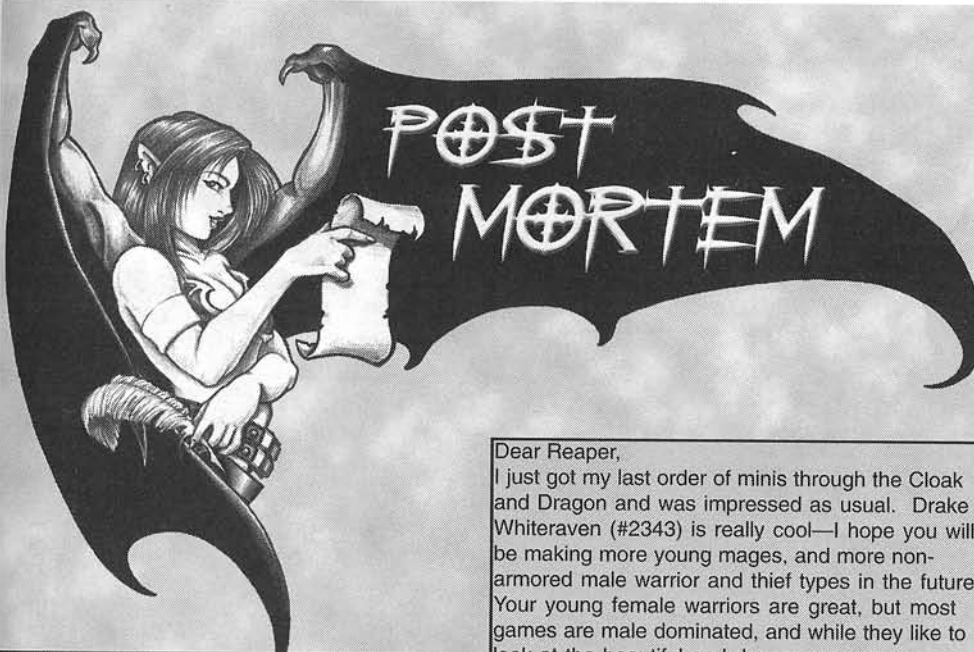
Mike: Tard boy here hasn't seen it yet so I'll base my grade upon the "gosh" factor from everyone else. (A)

Ed: Fantastic! I immediately went home and fashioned a toga and a sword to rent to Dave! (A+)

Dave: It was great! I immediately went home and rented a toga and a sword! (A+)

Gary: Fabulous representation of a warband army versus legionnaires! Made me never want to be the first guy out of the door! My favorite picture this year. (A+)

Tim: A typical Ridley Scott film. In others words, TERRIFIC! Makes me want to go set German hordes on fire. (A+)



Dear Reaper Miniatures,
 Congratulations on your deal with Minifigs in the UK to distribute your excellent figures and game. I've been trying for a while now to get a hold of a set of Dark Heaven Apocalypse rules and some of your figures, and by a happy coincidence I come from the same town as Minifigs! I've just finished reading through the rules and wanted to say how impressed I was with them. I didn't realize just how strong the background of the game was. The rules seem to flow well and complement the backdrop they are set against. That, coupled with your fantastic figures should make Dark Heaven Apocalypse a best seller. Keep up the good work and good luck in the future.

Yours Sincerely,
 Graeme Dyson
 United Kingdom

Dear Graeme,
 It's good to hear that you can finally get your Reaper fix in merry ol' England now! And to the rest of our European fans, remember Miniature Figurines now carries the full range of Reaper Miniatures. You can contact them at (44) 023-80-220-855. They'll be glad to help you!
 Love,
 Sophie

Reapers,
 Hi, it's Oddball, here's another order for ya! Please send me the new issue of Casket Works cause I really like it, so please put it in with my order, okay? Thanks guys! You're the Greatest!!!

Your Friend,
 Oddball, Your Reaper Fan

Dear Oddball,
 This is the 10th letter we've received from you...this month alone! Your copy of Casket Works should be in the mail. I guess by the time you read this, you'll have it, huh? Weird how that works. Now, if we only had more fans like you, Oddball. **sigh**
 Love,
 Sophie

Dear Reaper,
 I just got my last order of minis through the Cloak and Dragon and was impressed as usual. Drake Whiteraven (#2343) is really cool—I hope you will be making more young mages, and more non-armored male warrior and thief types in the future! Your young female warriors are great, but most games are male dominated, and while they like to look at the beautiful and dangerous women, they'd like equally cool and versatile looking male minis for their own characters. And as a painter, collector and diorama maker, some more men in "everyday" adventurer clothes would be great! (Not that villages full of nothing but pretty and well dressed ladies isn't the dream of many male players, but there's gotta be a few men around somewhere!) Thanks again and keep up the stellar work!

Sincerely,
 Glenn Moyer
 Catawissa, PA

Dear Glenn,
 I'm glad you liked the miniatures you ordered. I'm here for your pleasure—but don't get any wild ideas! As far as miniatures in the future, keep your eyes peeled for more less-armored adventurers. Eventually, we'll get around to making "ordinary" people, like townsfolk and such. Stay tuned to Casket Works for more details!
 Love,
 Sophie

Dear Reaper,
 I've been gaming with fantasy miniatures since 1974 (starting with Minifigs Middle Earth figures), and Reaper is without a doubt the most stunning line of fantasy figures out there today. I'm seriously considering adding some 30mm armies (er, Heroic 25mm armies) to my collection, even though they don't fit in with my 25mm (er, less heroic 25mm) armies from the old days.

Rob Dean
 Port Deposit, MD

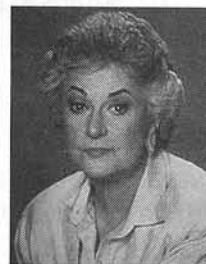
Dear Rob,
 Thanks for the kind words. Flattery will get you everywhere! And yes, most miniatures today are a little larger than the true 25mm scale minis from the late 1970s. But, like the old saying goes, bigger is better. Don't you agree Rob?
 Love,
 Sophie

Babewatch Time!

We've decided to take a break from the normal Babe Watch column. In that I mean, there's no babes this time around. After you read the candidates below, you'll think that Margaret Thatcher naked on a cold day is dead sexy. Well, the character this month is Lucrella the Liche Queen. Who will play her part in the Dark Heaven movie? Let's see...



Janet Reno (Will Ferrell version)—
 Yikes! Saturday Night Live's version of Janet Reno is comic genius! Maybe Will Ferrell as Janet Reno as Lucrella is pushing it. But it'd be damn funny!



Bea Arthur—And then there's Maude! Bea Arthur must be looking for a gig since Golden Girls got canceled. Lucrella would be the perfect role for her, dontcha think?

Phyllis Diller—
 I'll get you yet, Bugaloos! Oh, wait. That was Martha Ray. My bad. But really, what's the difference between the two anyway? I



guess Phyllis Diller would be a better bet to play Lucrella. After all, she was on Hollywood Squares! But why was she always staring at Paul Lynde? He played for the other team, didn't he?

(Editor's Promise: We will never have non-babes on the Babe Watch again, this I swear on my wiener dog race winnings.—Ron)



THE COURT OF ABYST

By Robert E Allen III

On the Plane of Death, in the former halls of Darreth the Dismal, Abyst holds his court. The court travels more frequently than that of other denizens of the Plane of Death. Abyst has taken upon himself to weed out the weak leaders of this Plane, and during the eternity of his existence he has destroyed many of them.

Abyst is also very active in the conflicts of the Plane of Death. He does not involve himself in the petty bickerings of other active demons; with their mindless little intrigues and trivial wars of words. No, Abyst is involved in what has long been called "The Grand Conflict" - the war against the angels of the Planes of Life, the vampires, and the Dire-dead. The angels and demons have been adversaries for all of creation. The vampires and demons fight over the ownership of Plane of Death, which the demons currently maintain. And finally, the Dire-dead are the former servants of the demons who shirked their duties and betrayed the Lords of the Plane of Death. Thus these three enemies make up the Grand Conflict, and Abyst himself is a general in this war.

However, Abyst rarely leads from the front. Such work is far too dangerous for a Lord of the Plane of Death. Instead, he commands many agents, who travel the planes to do his bidding. In his court lies his war room, and where he hears of the progress of his agents...

Abyst sat upon a throne of blackened gold, drinking from a cup fashioned from an angel's skull. Behind him stood Vareesh, his concubine and private assassin. A dozen demonic courtiers, servants, and guards surrounded them. Today, several of his officers have come to report on their respective planes.

In his grand room were also Kzael and Tolgh, returning from a battle on a Plane of Life. Kzael bore a sack in his hands. They bowed respectfully to Abyst. He paused a moment before addressing them.

"How went it?" he asked, his voice like a thousand thunderclaps.

Tolgh stepped forward.

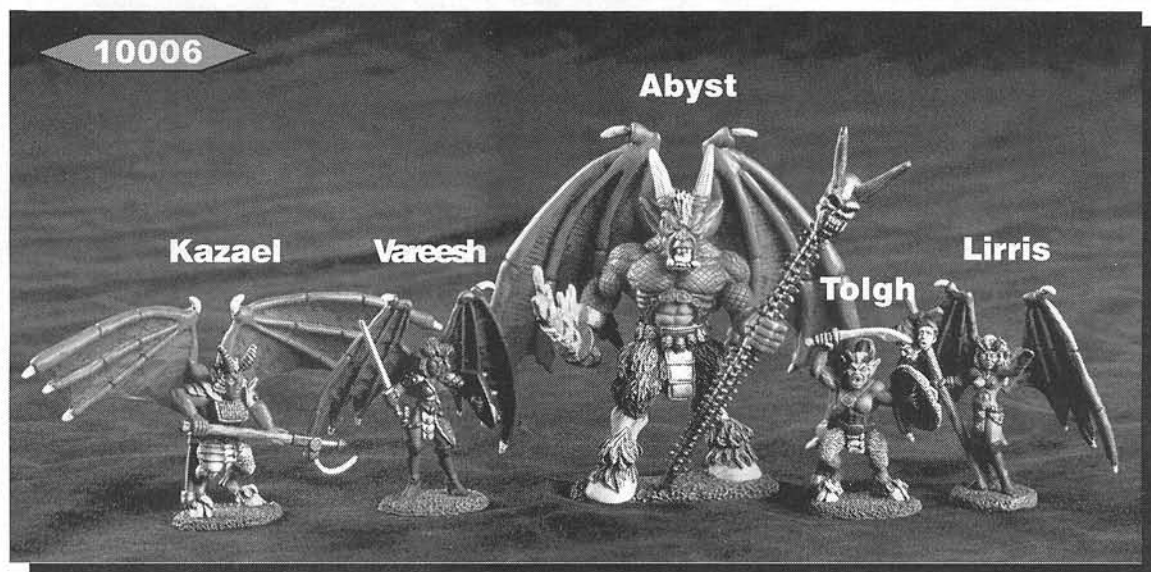
"They were many, your grace, but we did persevere. Though the armies of Reaper Plague are strong, our might at arms bested them."

Abyst smiled ferally, showing off the hint of enormous spiked teeth. Any defeat of the cursed Reapers pleased Abyst greatly.

"Excellent. They think that Adon will provide them with armies to fight us, but we shall not allow it! What have you brought me?"

Kzael emptied the sack he carried onto the floor. Out bounced a pair of decayed and disfigured heads.

DESCRIPTION	CL	MM	MO	CCV	STR	RAV	R	TRA	RDV	MA	MD	COM	SF	PAG	AAG	CG	PL	COST	STOCK NO.
Abyst Enchantments: Weapon: +2 to CC, +4 to MD	3	14"	9	+24	10	-	-	-	+8	+1	+6	20	8	6	6	-	-	759	Box Set 10006
Kazael Enchantments: None	3	16"	8	+18	8	-	-	-	+8	+1	+4	20	7	5	5	-	-	536	Box Set 10006
Vareesh Enchantments: Shield: +2 to MD	2	19"	8	+12	4	-	-	-	+5	+1	+3	10	8	-	-	-	-	388	Box Set 10006
Lirris Enchantments: Weapon: +2 to MD, +2 to RD	2	16"	7	+5	2	-	-	-	+6	+3	+3	0	6	6	-	-	-	422	Box Set 10006
Tolgh Enchantments: Shield: +1 to MD, +2 to RD	2	16"	7	+11	4	-	-	-	+7	+1	+2	0	6	7	-	-	-	395	Box Set 10006



"These are the heads of Floael Rotbelly and Duru Gangrene," spoke Kazael, stepping away from the lolling heads. "Embaulators in the service of Reaper Plague. We bring them to you as trophies of our victory, and hope that their heads further swell your collection."

The collection of which he spoke was one of Abyst's greatest treasures. In each of his victories, he asked his commanders to bring back the heads of vanquished enemy lords. To date, this collection was in the millions. Of course, Abyst had millennia to work upon it.

"You have both served me well. Who is next?"

Lirris, his court vizier, announced his next visitor. "Next is Korvazz, returned from a raid upon the Mordecai of Loachiem."

Korvazz, a demon of massive girth, strode proudly into the great room, also bearing a sack. He knelt deeply before Abyst.

"Welcome, Korvazz. How went it?"

Korvazz rose before Abyst.

"It went well. We were utterly defeated by the Angels."

The room gasped almost as one; and Abyst looked upon Korvazz strangely. But before he could speak, Korvazz continued.

"The pitiful demons were no match for the winged glories of the angels. No demon was spared."

And with that, he spilled open his sack to the floor, and out rolled the head of Korvazz!

Abyst had seen enough. In a flicker of an instant, his flaming sword hurled through the air. It caught the would-be Korvazz in the center of his skull, cleaving deep into it. The would-be Korvazz fell, and as he did, his features changed.

Lying on the floor, all saw that it was not Korvazz at all, but an angel shapeshifter. Abyst rose from his throne to retrieve his sword from the corpse. He kicked the body, already dissolving into mist, as he yanked out his sword.

"This insult shall not go unavenged...."

T'Raukzul

by Robert E. Allen III

Heat. That is the thing you notice the most about a dragon's lair. The heat, and the smell. It was like being in the kitchen of the busiest tavern in all of Farkeep. Dorja tried not to linger on it, linger upon what roasted meat he might be smelling. Perhaps the corpse of the last person who thought he could slay the beast!%

He made his way carefully, trying to practice his skills of silence. No kicked pebbles, no hard footfalls. The element of surprise was his best ally against a dragon. Even his intricately magicked sword - with its arcane protection against dragon fire - would be of no use to him if the dragon was prepared and waiting for him.

And so Dorja crept, carefully, methodically. The only thing he allowed himself (beyond his stealth) to think of was the fame he would earn for killing a dragon. And not a mere whelp of a dragon - but the legendary T'Raukzul. A menace to Malvernis for hundreds of years. A menace to the town where Dorja had been raised. His family's farm was robbed of cows on several occasions, to feed a hungry dragon. But no longer would this dragon be raiding towns and farms. Where so many others had failed, he would succeed. Where so many others had died!%

"You might join them." A voice answered his thoughts.

Shocked for a moment, Dorja leapt backwards and stumbled. He caught himself with both hands, dropping his sword. He cursed himself for being surprised. His eyes suddenly wide, he looked down the cavern corridor to see who -or what - had spoken to him.

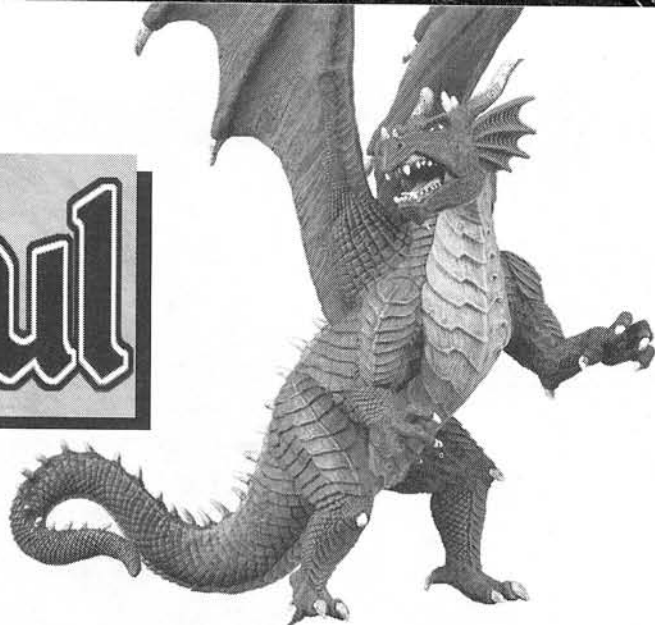
Down the corridor was an enormous dragon eye, open and staring directly at him. Residing in, presumably, a dragon head attached to a dragon body. Dorja jumped to his feet and grabbed his sword - its power giving him added courage. He did not, however, step forward towards the dragon eye.

"Do you know, man-thing, how many of your kind come here to either right some imagined wrong or avenge some slight? You see how their bones litter the path," spoke the dragon, in a surprisingly soothing tone.

"Know this, dragon! The blade I hold is proof against your kind!" said Dorja, desperately trying to sound more menacing than he felt. He felt, in fact, very much like running away.

A low chuckle reverberated down the corridor. The dragon, T'Raukzul, was amused - not frightened, obviously - by Dorja's remark. "Oh, little one. I'm sure they told you that your sword would protect you. Many of your kind have carried them to me in the hopes that I would be so easily vanquished. Very well! Come in here, and let us see if your sword can truly withstand the might of dragon breath."

Dorja's confidence suddenly flushed away like a broken barrel of honey-mead. This was not what he expected. This did not turn out like he expected at all.



As though the dragon sensed his hesitation, he released an colossal roar, shaking the entire cave system. That was it for Dorja. He dropped the blade, once his only hope now discarded and forgotten, and ran as fast as his legs would carry him away from the dragon. No longer were his thoughts on the fame of being a dragonslayer. Now, his thoughts were solely on surviving.

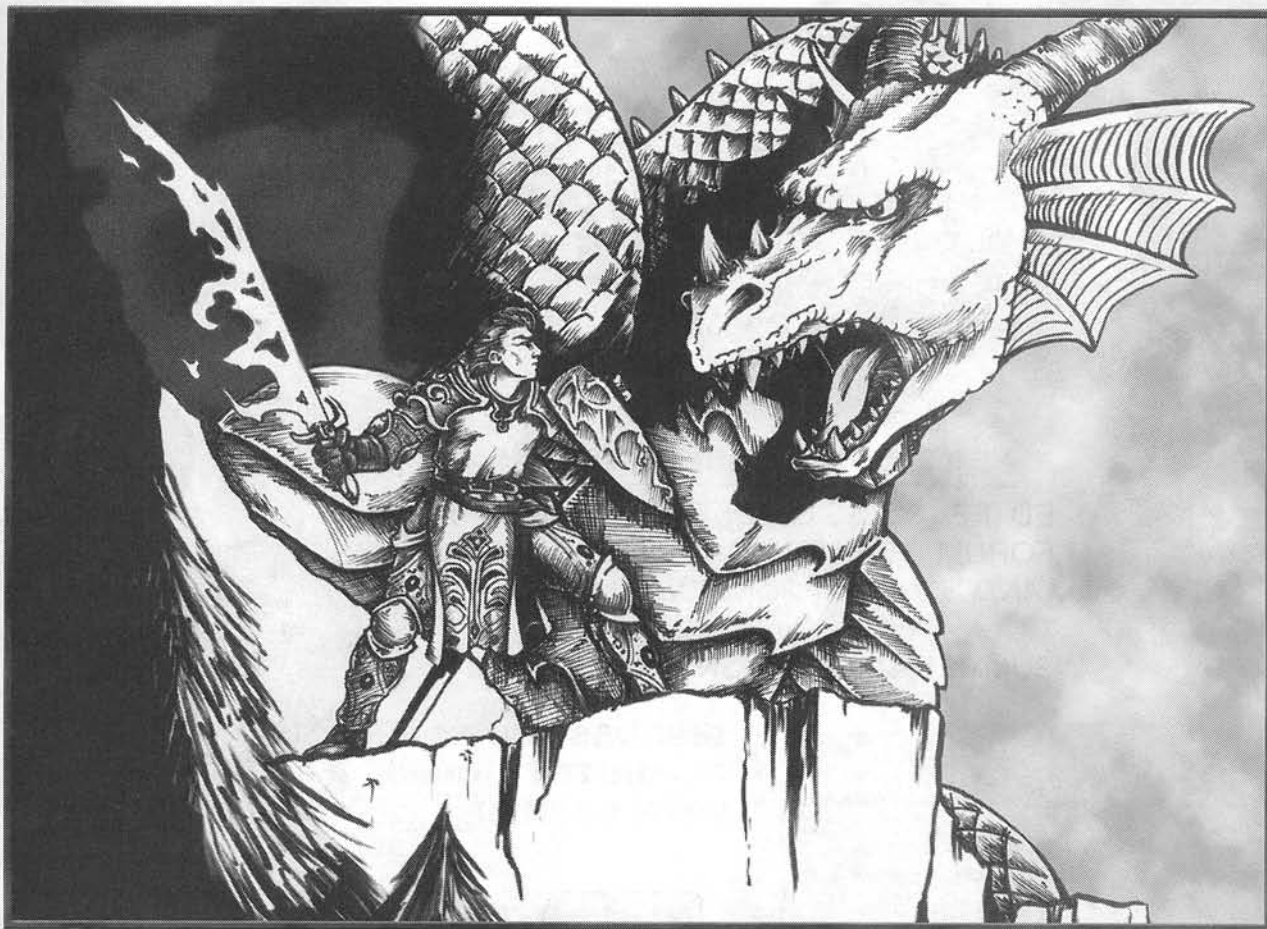
T'Raukzul chuckled once more, hearing every footfall as Dorja ran off. It isn't necessary to kill them all, he thought to himself. Some of them provide just as much entertainment alive. And perhaps this one might scare off a generation or two, and T'Raukzul could get some proper rest.

There are but few dragons remaining in the eastern parts of Adon. It has long been the policy of High Inquisitors of Malvernis that dragons are a threat to the communities under their reign (for most dragons, caring little about the affairs or property of men, will happily eat their way through a farmer's field of cows, or during their inexplicable rages, decimate entire villages before flying back to their dragon nests contented anew). So, Inquisitors of Malvernis are charged with the duty of hunting down sighted dragons and slaying them. And so has perished several notable wyrms of the east - Fo'amak, Eirgress, and Bothrall to name but a few. And so have perished several hundred Inquisitors and their henchmen, for dragons are not easy prey.

There is one very notable exception - the venerable wyrm T'Raukzul. T'Raukzul makes his lair in the Stormpeak Mountains in Dartha, only a few days ride south of Alaghax. It is a great surprise to many that a dragon would choose to lair so close to an empire bent on killing dragons. However, T'Raukzul is, in fact, no longer pursued by the Grand Inquisitor. A sort of uneasy peace exists between them, so that T'Raukzul does not involve himself in the matters important to Malvernis, and in exchange, the Grand Inquisitor chooses to ignore the predations of T'Raukzul on local farms and villages.

This peace is mostly due to the immense prowess of T'Raukzul. His lair is filled with the bones of those who attempted to exercise the policies of Malvernis in vain. So many of them that it is estimated that Malvernis could have defeated Ritterlich long ago if not for the waste of life sent to subdue T'Raukzul. For the most part, the Grand Inquisitor ignores T'Raukzul because attempting to kill him appears to be impossible.

On the other hand, T'Raukzul himself is not completely content playing the archetypal role of a dragon. He is in contact with other dragons, and is aware of the threat posed by the Dire-dead. At the current time, he watches quietly the events of the world. If something should threaten him - or the world in which he was dwelled for so long - he most certainly will attack. He hasn't been sharpening his claws for all of these centuries for nothing.



DESCRIPTION	CL	MM	MO	CCV	STR	RAV	R	TRA	RDV	MA	MD	COM	SF	PAG	AAG	CG	PL	COST	STOCK NO.
T'Raukzul PAG:Berserk; AAG:Fireball	4	12"	9	+25	16	-	-	-	+12	+1	+3	-	8	6	6	-	-	808	10009

The Legend of Ashlan Fellthrush

The story of Ashlan Fellthrush is one of murder, revenge and love. It recounts the tale of the great Ritterlich war hero Ashlan Fellthrush, who retired after tiring of the many years of bloodshed. Vowing to never draw his sword again, Fellthrush moved away from his homeland to the elven nation of Tirithilia where he retired to a life of farming. While there, he fell deeply in love with the beautiful elven maiden Amellian. Fellthrush and Amellian were wed and they raised three beautiful children on their idyllic estate.

Fate had other plans for Fellthrush. In 835 NA the dragon T'Raukzul and his mate Kithmyzix awoke from their slumber and flew into Tirithilia burning and plundering the land. Among the ravaged homes was the homestead of Fellthrush. All of his holdings, his land, his crops and his livestock were destroyed, but it was the loss of his beloved family that burned his soul far hotter than any dragon's breath.

Fellthrush sought out the elven mage Tyrival, who was in the possession of two mighty elven artifacts created centuries ago. Tyrival bestowed these items, a sword and a shield of incredible power, to help Fellthrush avenge his family and the nation of Tirithilia. The shield was enchanted to withstand even the hottest of flames, and the sword was magicked so that it would grow deadly cold in the presence of any fire-using creatures—such as dragons. Armed with the mighty sword and shield, Fellthrush began his search for the dragons.

Fellthrush set out to find the dragons' lair deep in the Stormpeak Mountains. Upon finding the lair, he entered to find the female dragon Kithmyzix sleeping—along with her clutch of eggs. Drawing his frost sword, which had begun to steam and glow in the hot lair, Fellthrush slew the dragon and crushed her eggs.

As he left the lair, the great wyrm T'Raukzul returned home. The mighty dragon roared with anger when he found his lair had been intruded upon. He flew from his cave and found Fellthrush on the mountainside waiting for him.

Exactly what happened next no one is certain, but we do know that Fellthrush perished in the epic battle that followed. T'Raukzul was wounded by the magic frost sword, so badly that he had to rest for nearly 120 years before he flew into the skies again.

However, it is said that on some starry nights, in a certain secluded field where once stood a modest farmhouse, that you can see the spirits of Fellthrush and his family, just before being carried away on the whispers of the wind...

Look for the limited edition Ashlan Fellthrush miniature inside the T'Raukzul box. Only the first 1000 boxes will contain the miniature, and after that will no longer be available!

the Posterior End

the ass end
of another
crazy issue

NEXT ISSUE: CASKET WORKS #6

ED (FEARLESS LEADER) PUGH GETS HIS
FORUM THAT HE WANTS SO BAD.
(AND ITS OVER RONS DEAD BODY!)

SUMMER CONVENTION REVIEW

Ron's Goo

Que sara, sara. That's Italian for "what an incredible magazine". Trust me. Try it next time you're in Italy. Or Pizza Hut.

Well, that's it for this issue. Hope you enjoyed reading it just as much as we had creating it. (That's a lot of 'its', huh?) Next issue is due out around September or thereabouts, so keep your eyes peeled for the glorious color cover with the gold stamped logo, poly bagged with a limited edition Britney Spears breast implant.

Next time we'll take a look at the desert kingdom of Hakhir, DHA Update, plus a few other surprises. That means I don't know exactly what just yet. But I'll figure it out after this next crossword puzzle.

Ciao!
-Ron

DISCUSS YOUR FAVORITE FIGURES WITH SOPHIE!

As I sit here listening to my CD mix of Bigod 20 and Sigue Sigue Spütnik, I attempt to contemplate the meaning of life. Where we're going, why we're here, why vulcanized rubber smells funny, and why is there toe jam. Unfortunately, my lack of parallel thought and any resemblance of intelligence can only conjure up vague, abstract pictures of country fried steak and cream gravy. "What?!", you ask. Well, that means its lunchtime fellow Casketettes. Which also means that all linear thought processes in Mike's brain stop, and anything even closely resembling work ceases to function. (in my world it does) So, until next we meet, let these pages keep you warm at night. And for those who only got this issue for the "Chance to win a Porsche Boxster"... well you're gonna have to wait one more issue. HA!

-Mike

Mike's Goo

SOPHIE'S SOAPBOX

I'd like to introduce all you guys to our new Reaper sculptor Werner Klocke! Werner is from Germany where he's been sculpting for several years. We finally managed to seduce--er, I mean convince--Werner into doing a few pieces for the Dark Heaven line. And boy, did he blow us away! The two knights at the right are just a couple of fantastic sculptures, and there are more on the way! Come back next month and you'll see more from Werner Klocke!

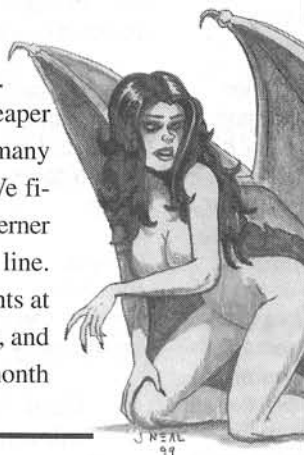


figure 2410, Sir Guy "the Red Knight" and
figure 2420, Sir Richard "the White Knight"

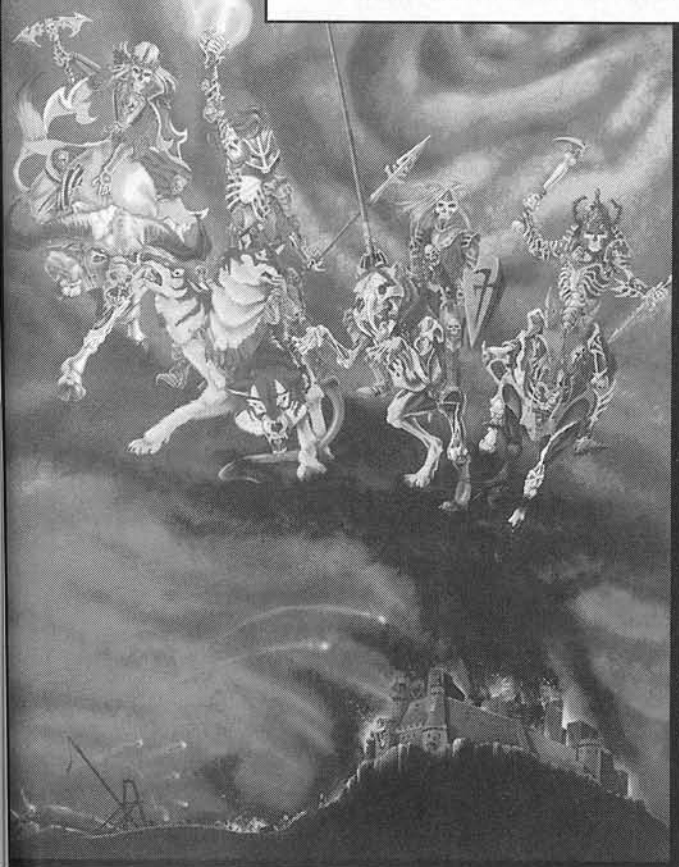


sculpted by Werner Klocke

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T Raukzul



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